

From Fraser's Magazine.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

WE are glad to meet Dr. Southey at last. We began to despair of him, since he has been so long on the road—not that we were altogether ignorant of the causes of delay. From time to time strange rumors have reached us of feuds, and strifes, and heart-burnings, and unseemly contentions, over the good man's literary ashes. These things are painful to hear or speak of. However, the Poet now returns to us in that intellectual form and fashion in which he was always most likely to gain friends, and to keep them. We rejoice to welcome him in that winning shape. He—the high-souled, bright-minded, troubled, worn-out man—rests from his many sadnesses and toils. Peace be with him! If he were visibly and bodily present in this solemn home of literature, where we are writing, or in his own green haunts by the musical Lodore, he might have wondrous stories to tell, lovelier and more gorgeous than the cloudy richness of *Thalaba*; stories,

Brought from a pensive though a happy place,
Of all that is most beautiful, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purple gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

But he stands now before us in his earthly dress, and again we say that we rejoice to see him. Writing in his twenty-second year to one of his earliest and dearest friends, Mr. Southey said:—

No man ever retained a more perfect knowledge of the history of his own mind than I have done. I can trace the development of my character from infancy—for developed it has been, not changed. I look forward to the writing of this history as the most pleasing and most useful employment I shall ever undertake.

We have a specimen of the intended narrative in the first 157 pages of the first volume. It is contained in a series of letters to his friend Mr. John May, and gives a familiar and most particular account of his family and himself, their sayings and doings, chances and changes, up to the period of his school days at Westminster in his fifteenth year. At that interesting epoch the history breaks off. It might have been hardly possible to continue it, with equal minuteness, as it wound into the diversified labors and business of his maturer life.

It was in the summer of 1820 that he sat down

* Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, M. A. London: Longman and Co. 1849. [Reprinted by Messrs. Harpers: New York.]

in the room, which he had peopled with the noblest spirits of all lands, to relate the story of his struggles and victories. He was then a ripe scholar of forty-six years; it was dark weather in a season of sunshine; a lonesome and showery evening had closed a cloudy and ungenial day. Perhaps a mind like Cowper's, ever forecasting the fashion of uncertain sorrows, might have seen something ominous in the coincidence. But the poet felt no sadness or apprehension. Living in the sunshine, he still looked forward with hope.

Many of our readers will recollect that charming essay on a man's writing memoirs of himself, for which we are indebted to one of the deepest thinkers of the earlier part of this century. He suggests the sensation of surprise, that would startle a reflective man in advanced age, on discovering at the bottom of an old chest an account of himself, which he had written fifty years before. The web of feeling would be curiously woven of various colors and patterns; light and shadow intermingled. One great beauty of the tale would be its reality; a garland of flowers all gathered in the fresh morning of life, with the dew and bloom on the leaves. What misty, uncertain, glimmering shapes would come thronging into the memory! perplexed and intricate, like the moonbeams on curtains, which shine and break up into gloom, as the wind rustles them with a sudden gust. The old man wonders at himself. It is like looking into a glass once in half a century. He forgets what manner of man he was. The vernal fancies are faded; the merry-speaking thoughts are silent. "They died like the singing-birds of that time which sing no more." Nothing is as it was. All is changed. Eve's garden was not more defaced when the slime of the deluge had passed over it. "The life which we then had, now seems almost as if it could not have been our own. We are like a man returning, after the absence of many years, to visit the embowered cottage where he passed the morning of his life, and finding only a relic of its ruins."

Opinions will always differ as to the becoming style of these autobiographies. The most famous performer need not keep us very long. In a general way, the expenditure of time may be set down in a short column. We want only an entry of the gold coins; the copper may be left out. It was pleasantly remarked of many popular biographies in modern times, that a chronicle of the coats a man has worn, with the color and date of each, might, for every useful purpose, be as well called his life. We have few examples in our language. Cowley, Bishop Hall, and Walter Scott, have given specimens, slighter or graver, in three opposite ways. Perhaps no memoir written by one's self could equal the truthfulness of letters, flowing

out of the fulness of a loving heart; like those from Cowper to Lady Hesketh, and Shenstone to Mr. Jago.

Johnson affirmed that the life of no literary man had ever been properly composed. An author's own pen is unlikely to fill up the blank. He will supply part, not a whole. The pleasantest illustrations of genius have been picked up by accident. In this light letters are invaluable, when they are sincere. That is seldom. Pope wrote for effect. So did Cowper sometimes: compare his correspondence with Newton and Hill. The writer can scarcely be identified. Horace Walpole made himself up for the Post, as for a theatre. You see at once that he is padded. The shape of his thoughts is always artificial. Gray's crow-quill was an emblem of his manner. Byron imitated the worst style of Walpole and Gray. He is not himself for a hundred pages together. From this fault the letters of Southey appear to be remarkably free. They give the man, the Pan-tisocrat, the enthusiast, the self-opinionated. Each is there. He sits before a glass and paints himself.

The Recollections have much of the grace and ease of his latest and happiest prose. Perhaps there is a slight excess of garrulity, and a disposition to enlarge upon trifles, that might, as he suggested, if carefully cultivated, have ripened him into a correspondent of Mr. Urban. But we confess to liking the minuteness of his description. We are not indisposed to hear of the migration from the blue bed to the brown. He gives us a domestic interior, as real and startling as the Apothecary's Shop of Mieris, with its one bewildering crack in the counter. The things and persons may be worth nothing in themselves, but they derive interest and value from the describer; like the wicker basket, or string of onions, in pictures by Teniers or Ostade. The stream of his family did not lead him into very ancient times. He was unable to trace it beyond 1696. Wellington, in Somersetshire, was the well-head. In the church registers the Southeys are styled yeomen or farmers. His grandfather's wife was a Locke, of the "same family as the philosopher (so called) of that name," who, we are pleasantly informed, "is still held in more estimation than he deserves." Their descendant was willing to reckon them of gentle blood, as using armorial bearings in an age when they were very rarely assumed without a title. The arms had a religious character, and he was anxious to believe that one of his "ancestors had served in the crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

His grandfather was bred a dissenter, but afterwards came over to the church. Marrying at forty-five, he had two daughters and three sons, of whom the second was Robert, the poet's father, who was an enthusiast in all country pleasures. Having been placed with a grocer in London, he gave a curious proof of the strength of the passion. As he was standing at the shop door, "a porter went by carrying a hare. This brought his

favorite sport so forcibly to his mind, that he could not help crying at the sight." The circumstance was the anticipation, as well as the fulfilment, of Wordsworth's reverie of Susan. In after years, and to preserve the impression, he took a hare for his commercial crest, and had it painted upon the window on each side the door, and engraved in the shop bills. Upon his master's death he was removed to a linen-draper's in Bristol, where he continued for twelve or fourteen years.

Robert Southey was born August 1, 1773. The twilight of his recollection began with his third year. He was gifted with the sensibility of the poetical mind, and shed tears at the tale of *Chey Chase*. His first school was presided over by a dame, with intolerable features and no eyelashes. Under her rule he remained, with occasional intervals of absence, until his sixth year. The Utopia mania was already strong in him. With two schoolfellows he formed a plan of going to an island and living by themselves. The military taste also showed itself in a walk with a neighboring barber, who promised him a sword. But it speedily retreated before the prompt and liberal application of the horsewhip. Many of his holydays were spent with his aunt, Miss Tyler, who occupied a house in what was then an agreeable suburb of Bath. It looked into a garden abounding in fruit trees, and the parlor steps were embowered by jessamine. This was a favorite seat of the child-poet. The furniture was old and picturesque. In the parlor hung the lady's portrait, by Gainsborough, with a curtain before it to keep off the flies. Among the most curious articles were a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise shell, and an arm-chair made of cherry-wood, which seems to have had a particular interest attached to it; "if any visitor who was not in her especial favor sat thereon, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden, to be aired and purified, before she would use it again." A confidential man-servant was as odd as his mistress, and every night fed the crickets. In this strange garden-house the larger portion of four years glided away—to a child heavily enough. He had no playmates, was kept inviolate from dust, and slept with his aunt. This was the severest chapter of the lesson. Miss Tyler was a late riser; and the little Robert did not dare to make the slightest movement for fear of disturbing her. During those wearisome hours his wits were at work, "fancying figures and combinations of forms in the curtains, wondering at the notes in the slant sunbeam, and watching the light from the crevices of the window shutters." By degrees the progress of the shadow stood him in the stead of a clock.

At two years of age he was inoculated, and attributed his subsequent thinness to the preparatory regimen. His aunt had one friend whose name will ever possess a kind of juvenile celebrity—this was the wife of Mr. F. Newberry, of St. Paul's. As soon as he could read the

Bibliopole presented him with a set—twenty in number—of those astonishing productions, which have so often amazed the slumbers of three years. To this gift he traced some of his literary tastes; but other circumstances helped them forward. The Bath theatre was then in its zenith. The players divided the week between it and Bristol. Miss Tyler was generally supplied with orders, and always availed herself of them. Her talk was dramatic. Her nephew soon caught the tone of expression, and once, returning from church on Sunday morning, called down an angry rebuke by saying that it had been a *very full house*. Healthier aids to reflection were not wanting. He delighted in fieldwalks, and the ferry-boat at Walcot was a great resource. The first distinction of life came slowly upon the poet. He saw his sixth year before he was “breeched” in a complete suit of forester’s green. He was then sent as a day-scholar to a school at Bristol, kept by a Baptist minister, an old man and cruel. However, he died in twelve months, and was succeeded by a Socinian, of more learning and heresy. But the poet reaped no advantage from the change. His father, for some cause unexplained, removed him to Corston, about nine miles from Bristol:—

The stage was to drop me at the public house, and my father to accompany it on horseback, and consign me to the master’s care. When the time for our departure drew nigh, I found my mother weeping in her chamber; it was the first time I had ever seen her shed tears. The room, (that wherein I was born,) with all its furniture, and her position and look at that moment, are as distinct in my memory as if the scene had occurred but yesterday; and I can call to mind with how strong and painful an effort it was that I subdued my own emotions. I allude to this in the *Hymn to the Penates*, as

The first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own.

What follows also is from the life:—

Sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger’s hearth,
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow.

The school-house was noticeable for its staircase of black oak, and rooms hung with faded tapestry; its shady garden, summer-house, gate-pillars, surmounted with huge stone balls, a paddock, orchard, and walnut-trees. The master was a mathematician, who usually lived in the stars. The desk disenchanting him. Not that the scholastic promises were large; they only embraced writing and arithmetic. But twice in the week a French teacher from Bristol instructed a few ambitious students; of whom the poet was one, in Latin. Penmanship was the great fact of Corston; it was excellent, including what is called the Italian, engrossing, and some varieties of German text. Mr. Flower, that was the name of the pedagogue, had other instruments of confusion besides his orrery. With the reckless wisdom of “fifty” he had married his housemaid. Of course, everything went wrong under the guidance of astronomy,

folly, and fire-water. Some brighter streaks diversify the picture. We have already mentioned the orchard; the boys were the appointed gatherers; and their labor was lightened and recommended by a very liberal permission to eat of the produce. They were also allowed to

Squail at the *bannets*, that is, being interpreted, to throw at his walnuts when it was time to bring them down; there were four or five fine trees on the hill-side above the brook. I was too little to bear a part in this, which required considerable strength; but for many days afterwards I had the gleanings among the leaves and broken twigs with which the ground was covered, and the fragrance of these leaves, in their incipient decay, is one of those odors which I can smell at will, and which, whenever it occurs, brings with it the vivid remembrances of past times.

But even these orchard gatherings had a constant check and contrast in the Sunday evenings, when the astronomer collected his youthful congregation into the hall, and read a dreary sermon, or a scarcely less alarming chapter from Stackhouse’s *History of the Bible*. The poet’s seat was at the extremity of a long form, within the faintest gleam of the fire. All troubles come to an end. So did those at Corston; an intestine commotion, resulting in the flight of the master and the discolored eyes of his son, unexpectedly turned all the pupils adrift.

While the father of Southey was casting his eyes round in search of another school, he took up his abode with his relatives at Bedminster, a dirty village of colliers. The house had been built by his grandfather. “It stood in a lane. You ascended by several circular steps into a flower garden. The porch was in great part lined, as well as covered, with white jessamine.” Here he often sat with his sister, threading fallen blossoms upon grass stalks. We think that the following description of the interior might have won the praise of Richardson:—

On the right hand was the parlor, which had a brown or black boarded floor, covered with a Lisbon mat, and a handsome timepiece over the fireplace; on the left was the best kitchen, in which the family lived. The best kitchen is an apartment that belongs to other days, and is now no longer to be seen, except in houses which, having remained unaltered for the last half century, are inhabited by persons a degree lower in society than their former possessors. The one which I am now calling to mind after an interval of more than forty years, was a cheerful room, with an air of such country comfort about it, that my little heart was always gladdened when I entered it during my grandmother’s life. It had a stone floor, which I believe was the chief distinction between a best kitchen and a parlor. The furniture consisted of a clock, a large oval oak table with two flaps, (over which two or three fowling-pieces had their place,) a round tea table of cherry wood, Windsor chairs of the same, and two large armed ones of that easy make, (of all makes it is the easiest,) in one of which my grandmother always sat. On one side of the fireplace the china was displayed in a buffet—that is, a cupboard with glass doors; on the other were closets for articles less ornamental, but

more in use. The room was wainscotted and ornamented with some old maps, and with a long looking-glass over the chimney-piece, and a tall one between the windows, both in white frames. The windows opened into the fore-court, and were as cheerful and fragrant in the season of flowers as roses and jessamine, which grew luxuriantly without, could make them. There was a passage between this apartment and the kitchen, long enough to admit of a large airy pantry, and a larder on the left hand, the windows of both opening into the barton, as did those of the kitchen; on the right was a door into the back court. There was a rack in the kitchen well furnished with bacon, and a mistletoe bush always suspended from the middle of the ceiling.

The green room, which was my uncle Edward's, was over the parlor. Over the hall was a smaller apartment, which had been my grandfather's office, and still contained his desk and his pigeon-holes; I remember it well, and the large-patterned, dark, flock paper, with its faded ground. The yellow room, over the best kitchen, was the visitor's chamber; and this my mother occupied whenever she slept there. There was no way to my grandmother's, the blue room over the kitchen, but through this and an intervening passage, where, on the left, was a store-room. The blue room had a thorough light, one window looking into the barton, the other into the back court. The squire slept in the garret; his room was on one side, the servants' on the other; and there was a large open space between, at the top of the stairs, used for lumber and stores.

A door from the hall, opposite to the entrance, opened upon the cellar stairs, to which there was another door from the back court. This was a square, having the house on two sides, the wash-house and brewhouse on the third, and walled on the fourth. A vine covered one side of the house here, and grew round my grandmother's window, out of which I have often reached the grapes. Here also was the pigeon-house, and the pump, under which the fatal dipping was performed. The yard or barton was of considerable size; the entrance to it was from the lane, through large folding-gates, with a horse-chestnut on each side. And here another building fronted you, as large as the house, containing the dairy and laundry, both large and excellent in their kind, seed-rooms, stable, haylofts, &c. The front of this outhouse was almost clothed with yew, clipt to the shape of the windows. Opposite the one gable-end were the coal and stick houses; and on the left side of the barton was a shed for the cart, and, while my grandfather lived, for an open carriage, which after his death was no longer kept. Here too was the horse-block, beautifully overhung with ivy, from an old wall against which it was placed. The other gable-end was covered with fruit trees, and at the bottom was a raised camomile bed.

The garden-ground was in the old English fashion, combining use and pleasure in its sunny walls, green with cherry, peach, and nectarine trees; grassy walks, espaliers, and flowers. An apricot tree grew in the fore-court, and a barberry bush by the orchard-gate. We have seen Southey's love and quick perception of rural odors; but we were not acquainted with Wordsworth's singular privation of that delightful faculty. His friend tells us, that "once, and once only in his life, the dor-

mant sense awakened. It was called forth by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire some five-and-twenty years ago. He says it was like a vision of Paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid since that time." Coleridge resembled Southey in his quick perception and enjoyment of perfumes; and we think of him at this moment sitting at his cottage-door, in Clevedon, and saying to Sara—

How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field!

In this quiet home young Southey found many pleasures. Beauty of scenery was not; but he had stillness, light and shadow, green lanes, country sounds, and flowers. He passed most of his time in the garden, and knew where to look for every variety of grass blossom. Forty years afterwards he remembered with particular love three flowers of those early days—the syringa, the everlasting pea, and the evening primrose.

At length another academy was found, and he was placed a day-boarder at Bristol, under one Williams, a Welshman, who professed to teach little, and kept his promise. But the poet was unconsciously educating himself. He had already dabbled in rhyme, and Shakspeare was his poetical primer. Beaumont and Fletcher he read through before he was eight years old, mindful only of the story, but gradually tuning his ear, and acquiring that wonderful facility of versification which soon enabled him to pour out *Joan of Arc* and *Madoc*. What he saw and heard of literary people increased his growing veneration for the craft. Sophia Lee, then in the full glow of her *Recess*, was an acquaintance of his aunt. His school lessons, too, had more of literature, for he was taught Latin every day.

In one of his holyday absences a friend presented him with Hoole's translation of Tasso. His curiosity had been previously excited by versified fragments of the story in Mrs. Rowe; but he supposed the original to be in the Hebrew tongue, as it related to Jerusalem. Hoole was not quite the author whom the future singer of *Thalaba* might be expected to honor. But it was water in a dry place. The boy read and re-read; nor did forty years and the treasures of European imagination in any degree extinguish the remembrance of his delight. In the paternal home poetry and prose were very humbly represented. A small cupboard in the back parlor contained the glasses and library. But there lived in the town a bookseller, named Bull, who lent out volumes; a chance discovery among the miscellanies of his counter first conducted young Southey to Spenser and the *Faërie Queen*—an author and a poem that have probably influenced, in a greater or less degree, the finest minds in English literature. He realized the truthful saying of Pope about Spenser's truthfulness:—

The delicious landscapes which he luxuriates in describing brought everything before my eyes. I could fancy such scenes as his lakes, and forests,

and gardens, and fountains presented; and I felt, though I did not understand, the truth and purity of his feelings, and that love of the beautiful and the good which pervades his poetry.

One of Robert's earliest anticipations of authorship appeared at Williams' academy, in the shape of an extempore letter on Stonehenge, written on a slate. It procured for him a high reputation among his companions, which an untoward accident soon melted away. A conspiracy was formed to dethrone the new monarch, and it succeeded in this manner. Some half-dozen of the seniors confronted him, one morning, with the question, "What the letters *i. e.* stood for?" The future historian, not at all terrified by the cabalistic nature of the inquiry, immediately replied that he supposed they represented John the Evangelist.

Between his twelfth and thirteenth years, in addition to more epical visions, he wrote three heroic letters in rhyme, and translated passages of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. He also tried his hand in a different and homelier style, and produced two descriptive sketches on the model of Cunningham. A grander effort was the exhibition of the Trojan war, of which the fourth book was advancing to completion when the author went to Westminster; but, like an equally magnificent undertaking of Pope at nearly the same age, it was finally burnt. He set out for Westminster school in the February of 1788, and arrived after a journey of three days. His want of skill in making Latin verses was a considerable obstacle to distinction, and prevented him from climbing into a higher form than the fourth. However, the atmosphere had something in it bracing and stimulating, and unlike any he had breathed at Corston. Following the example of Eton, the Westminster boys had got up a periodical paper called *The Trifler*, which expired in its fortieth number. The poet became a candidate for admission under the signature of "B." His elegy was acknowledged, but never published.

At this period the autobiography abruptly ends, and the son of the poet takes up the thread. The repulse from *The Trifler* did not discourage him. In conjunction with several friends he started *The Flagellant*, which might have prospered, if its growth had not been stopped, in the ninth number, by the indignation of the head-master, who considered the constitution of Pedagogism to be insulted and endangered by an attack upon flogging. The writer was Southey, and the result his dismissal; the mildest shape, we suppose, of expulsion. This catastrophe happened in the spring of 1792. The remainder of that year he spent with his aunt at Bristol. But his escapade at Westminster was not forgotten. Its fame preceded him to Oxford; and Dr. Jackson, the imperial Dean of Christ Church, refused to receive him into the college. He accordingly entered himself of Balliol, and began to reside in January, 1793. Perhaps no student ever kept a term, with a mind or temper less suited to the genius of the

place. The history of his academic career is gathered from letters addressed to his friend, Mr. Bedford, and written in a style which cannot be more accurately described than by saying, that it is deficient in every quality for which he afterwards became conspicuous. The following letter gives a picture of his feelings at this time:—

April 4, 1793.

My dear Grosvenor,—My philosophy, which has so long been of a kind peculiar to myself—neither of the school of Plato, Aristotle, Westminster, or the Miller—is at length settled; I am become a peripatetic philosopher. Far, however, from adopting the tenets of any self-sufficient cynic or puzzling sophist, my sentiments will be found more enlivened by the brilliant colors of fancy, nature, and Rousseau, than the positive dogmas of the Stagyrte, or the metaphysical refinements of his antagonist. I aspire not to the honorary titles of subtle disputant or divine doctor; I wish to found no school, to drive no scholars mad; ideas rise up with the scenes I view; some pass away with the momentary glance, some are engraved upon the tablet of memory, and some impressed upon the heart. You have told me what philosophy is not, and I can give you a little more information upon the subject. It is not reading Johannes Secundus because he may have some poetical lines; it is not wearing the hair undressed, in opposition to custom perhaps (this I feel the severity of, and blush for); it is not rejecting Lucan lest he should vitiate the taste, and reading without fear what may corrupt the heart; it is not clapt on with a wig, or communicated by the fashionable hand of the barber. It had nothing to do with Watson when he burnt his books; it does not sit upon a woollack; honor cannot bestow it, persecution cannot take it away. It illumined the prison of Socrates, but fled the triumph of Octavius; it shrank from the savage murderer, Constantine: it dignified the tent of Julian. It has no particular love for colleges; in crowds it is alone, in solitude most engaged; it renders life agreeable, and death enviable. * * * I have lately read the *Man of Feeling*; if you have never yet read it, do now from my recommendation; few works have ever pleased me so painfully or so much. It is very strange that man should be delighted with the highest pain that can be produced. I even begin to think that both pain and pleasure exist only in idea. But this must not be affirmed; the first twinge of the toothache, or retrospective glance, will undeceive me with a vengeance.

Purity of mind is something like snow, best in the shade. Gibraltar is on a rock, but it would be imprudent to defy her enemies, and call them to the charge. My heart is equally easy of impression with Rousseau, and perhaps more tenacious of it. Refinement I adore, but to me the highest delicacy appears so intimately connected with it, that the union is like body and soul.

In some of his college letters we pick up a few fragments of criticism, not without relish. Glover's *Leonidas* was a favorite book which he often read, but liked chiefly for its subject, more interesting, he thought, than any poet's, except Milton. Southey was now twenty years old; of his years, and out of Spain, the swiftest rhymers on record. The catalogue of his metrical labors shows the prodigious amount of 10,000 verses burnt or lost;

15,000 put aside as worthless; and 10,000 preserved.

These were assuredly symptoms of the disease in its most malignant and confluent form. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the producer of such heaps of couplets was extremely self-willed, indifferently furnished with graver learning, and a holder of all deep scholarship in considerable scorn. "Every blade of grass and every atom of matter" he thought "worth all the Fathers." This feeling was the more unfortunate, as the church was the destination which his uncle, Mr. Hill, had marked out for him. This gentleman, then chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, provided for the university expenses of his nephew. He seems to have borne the disappointment of his plans with much kindness and consideration. Medicine was to supply the vacancy left by theology. But the dissecting-room proved quite as unsavory as the Critici Sacri. He was all at sea, driving hither and thither, and wanting nothing but love to complete the unsettlement of his mind. It came at his call, in the pleasing face of Miss Edith Fricker. His desire of a small independence and the cottage—he had the occupant already—grew every day stronger. But where was he to find it? Certainly not in the advice and example of the remarkable person with whom he now established a lasting friendship, and whose name, for praise and censure, has been so often blended with his own. There happened to be residing at Jesus College, Cambridge, an undergraduate, not then known to fame. This young man, going up in 1791, soon displayed the powers and oddities of his wide-reaching intellect. He won a gold medal, stood for the "Craven," wrote again for the Greek ode, got into debt, fell in love, proposed, was rejected, became desperate, quitted the university, went to London, enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons under the rather Puritanical name of Mr. Silas Tomken Cumberbatch, could not rub down his horse, dismayed his officers with a Latin exclamation and Greek criticism, and was at last released by his friends from the regiment at Hounslow, April, 1794. We speak of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In the summer of that year he visited Oxford, and fell in with Southey. The congenial spirits took to each other. Southey wrote of his new friend with enthusiasm:—"He is of uncommon merit, of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart."

Such an alliance was peculiarly favorable to the emigration project. It revived under the euphonious title of Pantisocracy. Nothing could be simpler than the outline. A society was to be formed—the larger the better—having money and labor in common; each member taking his allotment of toil; and ladies—for bachelors were excluded—discharging the domestic duties and cookery.

The Pantisocratists were likewise Aspheteists; two words of which the chief hierophant has favored us with a definition. Pantisocracy signified the equal government of all; and Aspheteism,

the generalization of individual property. Everybody remembers the marvellous items of bloom-colored coats and crimson continuations, which Mr. Prior disinterred from the buried ledgers of Goldsmith's tailor; but we imagine that the "outfit" of a Pantisocratist and Aspheteist will be scarcely less surprising and interesting. We have a list of the necessary articles, in the letter from Southey to his brother, who was to be the admiral of the expedition:—

What do your common blue trousers cost? Let me know, as I shall get two or three pairs for my winter working-dress, and as many jackets, either blue or gray; so my wardrobe will consist of two good coats, two cloth jackets, four linen ones, six brown holland pantaloons, and two nankeen ditto for dress.

The last touch about dressing for dinner is quite as daring as anything in *Kehama*.

For a time Fortune smiled on the forlorn hope. The numbers increased. Twenty-five Pantisocratists waited, axe in hand, for the descent on the back settlements. Their thoughts by day and visions by night centred in America. The Castle of Indolence was a log-hut, and the true geni were the squatters. There was only one difficulty between the conception of this magnificent vision and its fulfilment—the want of money. The whole force of Pantisocracy could not club ten pounds. There was an enormous breadth of sail, but not a breath of air even to flutter it. At this moment a storm broke out which threatened to sweep Pantisocracy from the face of the earth. Southey's aunt—the lady of the cherry arm-chair with the aired cushion—was in a frenzy at the discovery of the combined horrors of Aspheteism and Matrimony. Miss Tyler's anger continued after "Pantisocracy had died a natural death, and the marriage had taken place." "The aunt and nephew never met again."

The poet was now without a home; full of hope, intellect, and love, but altogether destitute of any support more solid. America began to recede into blue distance, before the unmistakable reality of a purse with nothing in it. But Pantisocracy was not abandoned. Wales seemed to offer an easier site for an experiment than the Alleghany Mountains. But the new scheme did not prosper more than the old. Even Coleridge began to open his eyes. "For God's sake, my dear fellow," he wrote, "tell me what we are to gain by taking a Welsh farm. Supposing that we have found the preponderating utility of our aspheterizing in Wales, let us by our speedy and united inquiries discover the sum of money necessary. Whether such a farm with so very large a house is to be procured, without launching our frail and unpiloted bark on a rough sea of anxieties? How much money will be necessary for furnishing such a house? How much necessary for the maintenance of so large a family—eighteen people for a year at least?"

The head of the Pantisocratists was not in a condition to reply convincingly. His accomplish-

ments and capabilities may be collected from his letter of this period. He could sing eight songs, was deep in poetry, lived by his wits, was happy in the full assurance of integrity, and "in the affection of a mild and lovely woman; at once the object of hatred and admiration; wondered at by all; hated by the aristocrats; the very oracle of his own party." But that was all.

He had now ceased to reside at Oxford. Having abandoned the church and physic, without "the gift of making shoes, or the happy art of mending them," his hopes turned to the great metropolis of suffering, glory, and shame. "The point is," he wrote, "where can I best subsist? London is certainly the place for all who, like me, are on the world." A fair face mingled with his sad thoughts. "Enough! this state of suspense must soon be over; I am worn and wasted with anxiety; and, if not at rest in a short time, shall be disabled from exertion, and sink to a long repose. Poor Edith! Almighty God protect her!"

But he did not sink without a struggle. A course of public lectures at Bristol was considered to be the likeliest and easiest method of replenishing the very empty pockets of himself and Mr. Coleridge. No trace of the lectures is preserved, but they were said to have been largely attended and admired: their delivery occupied several months. To his brother he wrote:—

I am giving a course of historical lectures at Bristol, teaching what is right by showing what is wrong. My company, of course, is sought by all who love good republicans and odd characters. Coleridge and I are daily engaged. John Scott has got me a place of a guinea and a half per week for writing in *The Citizen*, of what kind I know not, save that it accords with my principles: of this I daily expect to hear more. If Coleridge and I can get 150*l.* between us we purpose marrying, and retiring into the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practising agriculture, till we can raise money for America. Still the grand object in view. So I have cut my cable, and am drifting on the ocean of life; the wind is fair, and the port of happiness, I hope, in view.—P. 235.

The prospectus of these lectures, we think, is printed in Mr. Cottle's *Recollections of Coleridge*. In the same work an amusing and characteristic anecdote is told of Coleridge's offer to deliver a lecture for Southey upon a subject included in the scheme of the latter, viz., the progress of the Roman Empire. The day came and the hour, but not the lecturer. He was probably a thousand leagues at sea with the *Ancient Mariner*; or with *Cristabel*, where the dying embers shot up into that marvellous flame which showed the shield of Sir Leoline, and the eye of the mysterious Lady.

The first stone of his poetical reputation was now about to be laid. *Joan of Arc*, written in the summer of 1793, had long been waiting for a printer. That adventurous person was found in Mr. Cottle, a name familiar to most of our read-

ers, who purchased the copyright for fifty guineas, in addition to fifty copies for subscribers. Every author knows the effect of type on a stanza or paragraph. *Joan*, "set up," looked frightful: a thorough revision was evidently required. "About half the first book was left in its original state; the rest of the poem was recast and recomposed while the printing went on. This occupied six months." His three models of poetical style were the Bible, Homer, and Ossian; but he said that his taste had been "much meliorated by Bowles." That amiable poet has related with touching simpleness, in *Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed*, how a "particularly pleasing and handsome youth, lately from Westminster School," called on the printer in Bath and commended the recently published Sonnets of Bowles; and how—some forty years afterwards—he had the delight of receiving the same person, as author of *Thalaba* and the *Life of Nelson*, in his own beautiful vicarage of Bremhill.

Mr. Hill, abandoning all hope of overcoming his nephew's clerical prejudices, invited him to go to Lisbon for a few months, and "then return to England in order to qualify himself for entering the legal profession." The breaking-off of what he deemed an imprudent attachment was another reason for the journey. But Southey, if he did not love wisely, was sure to love well. He pours out his heart very freely and warmly to Mr. Bedford in a letter:—

Oct. 23, 1795.

And where, Grosvenor, do you suppose the fates have condemned me for the next six months?—to Spain and Portugal! Indeed, my heart is very heavy. I would have refused, but I was weary of incessantly refusing all my mother's wishes, and it is only one mode of wearing out a period that must be unpleasant to me anywhere.

I now know neither when I go, nor where, except that we cross to Coruña, and thence by land to Lisbon. Cottle is delighted with the idea of a volume of travels. My Edith persuades me to go, and then weeps that I am going, though she would not permit me to stay. It is well that my mind is never unemployed. I have about nine hundred lines and half a preface yet to compose, and this I am resolved to finish by Wednesday night next. It is more than probable that I shall go in a fortnight.

Then the advantageous possibility of being captured by the French, or the still more agreeable chance of going to Algiers * * * Then to give my inside to the fishes on the road, and carry my outside to the bugs on my arrival; the luxury of sleeping with the mules, and if they should kick in the night. And to travel, Grosvenor, with a lonely heart! * * * When I am returned I shall be glad that I have been. The knowledge of two languages is worth acquiring, and perhaps the climate may agree with me, and counteract a certain habit of skeletonization, that, though I do not apprehend it will hasten me to the worms, will, if it continues, certainly cheat them of their supper * * * We will write a good opera; my expedition will teach me the costume of Spain.

By the by, I have made a discovery respecting the story of the *Mysterious Mother*. Lord O. tells

it of Tillotson: the story is printed in a work of Bishop Hall's, 1652; he heard it from Perkins (the clergyman whom Fuller calls an excellent chirurgeon at jointing a broken soul: he would pronounce the word "dama" with such an emphasis as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after. Warton-like I must go on with Perkins, and give you an epigram. He was lame of the right hand: the Latin is as blunt as a good-humored joke need to be:—

Dextera quantumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi
Pollebas mirâ dexteritate tamen:

Though Nature thee of thy *right* hand bereft,
Right well thou *writest* with thy hand that's *left*;

and all this in a parenthesis.) Hall adds, that he afterwards discovered the story in two German authors, and that it really happened in Germany. If you have not had your transcription of the tragedy bound, there is a curious piece of information to annex to it. * * * I hope to become master of the two languages, and to procure some of the choicest authors; from their miscellanies and collections that I cannot purchase, I shall transcribe the best or favorite pieces, and translate, for we have little literature of those parts, and these I shall request some person fond of poetry to point out, if I am fortunate enough to find one. *Mais, hélas! J'en doute*, as well as you, and fear me I shall be friendless for six months!

Grosvenor, I am not happy. When I get to bed reflection comes with solitude, and I think of all the objections to the journey; it is right, however, to look at the white side of the shield. The Algerines, if they should take me, it might make a very pretty subject for a chapter in my Memoirs; but of this I am very sure, that my biographer would like it better than I should.

Have you seen the *Mæviad*? The poem is not equal to the former production of the same author, but the spirit of panegyric is more agreeable than that of satire, and I love the man for his lines to his own friends; there is an imitation of Otium Divos, very eminently beautiful. Merry has been satirized too much, and praised too much. * * *

I am in hopes that the absurd fashion of wearing powder has received its death-blow; the scarcity we are threatened with (and of which we have as yet experienced only a very slight earnest) renders it now highly criminal. I am glad you are without it. * * *

God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

When the day was fixed for the voyage, Southey named it for that of his own marriage; and on the 14th of November, 1795, he was united to Edith Fricker, at Bristol, in Radcliff church. They parted at the doors, and Mrs. Southey wore her wedding-ring round her neck, and retained her maiden name until the marriage became known. "Never," he said, "did man stand at the altar with such strange feelings as I did." One of his motives was highly honorable to him. He wished to protect the lady of his affections from the mortification of receiving assistance from one who was not bound to her by a religious sanction. During his absence his wife remained as a parlor boarder with the sisters of Mr. Cottle.

He returned to England in May, 1796. Pub-

lishing news was not encouraging. *Joan* had caused no sensation in the "Row." Cadell sold only three copies. But in-door life was pleasanter. He took lodgings at Bristol, and busied himself in the preparation of *Letters from Spain and Portugal*. Time had mellowed down his opinions. The enthusiasm which had, as he expressed it, so lately fevered his whole character, was rapidly subsiding into a calm strength and devotion of intellect. His wishes were bounded by the circle of his friends, and the most magnificent object of his ambition was a little room to arrange his books in. He had discovered a secret, which so many thousands never find, that happiness dwells within doors and not without, "like a Vestal watching the fire of the Penates." He compared his youthfuller passions to an ungovernable horse. Now he rode Bucephalus with a curb. The rythmical impulse alone retained its original force and fire. He said that to go on with *Madoc* was almost necessary to his happiness, and that he had rather leave off eating than poetizing. But he was no longer in a condition to think for himself only. London he knew to be the scene of enterprise. He told Mr. Bedford—"I want to be there; I want to feel myself settled." It was a struggle between the prudential and imaginative feelings. He hated cities of every kind and degree, and preferred a corner of Stonehenge to the sunny side of Park Lane. He never approached London without feeling his heart sink within him; its atmosphere oppressed him, and all its associations were painful. He was, moreover, essentially and unchangeably unsocial. He playfully declared that God never intended that he should make himself agreeable to anybody; and that if a window could have been opened in his breast, he should have immediately put up the shutter. A snail popping into the shell when he was approached, or a hedgehog rolling himself up in his bristles if only looked at, were the emblems by which he chose to indicate his own temperament.

With all these hindrances, to London he came, a student of the law. In the beginning of 1797 he paid his fees, and was a member of Gray's Inn. His up-hill path was smoothed by the generosity of his friend, Mr. Winn, who fulfilled an Oxford promise by an annuity of 160*l*. His spirits rose. "Happiness is a flower that will blossom anywhere," and he expected "to be happy even in London." He gives a glimpse of his doings to his friend, the Bristol printer:—

To Joseph Cottle.

London, Feb. 3, 1797.

My dear Friend,—I am now entered on a new way of life, which will lead me to independence. You know that I neither lightly undertake any scheme, nor lightly abandon what I have undertaken. I am happy because I have no wants, and because the independence I labor to obtain, and of attaining which my expectations can hardly be disappointed, will leave me nothing to wish. I am indebted to you, Cottle, for the comforts of my

latter time. In my present situation I feel a pleasure in saying thus much.

As to my literary pursuits, after some consideration I have resolved to postpone every other till I have concluded *Madoc*. This must be the greatest of all my works. The structure is complete in my mind; and my mind is likewise stored with appropriate images. Should I delay it these images may become fainter, and perhaps age does not improve the poet.

Thank God! Edith comes on Monday next. I say, thank God! for I have never, since my return, been absent from her so long before, and sincerely hope and intend never to be so again. On Tuesday we shall be settled; and on Wednesday my legal studies begin in the morning, and I shall begin with *Madoc* in the evening. Of this it is needless to caution you to say nothing, as I must have the character of a lawyer; and, though I can and will unite the two pursuits, no one would credit the possibility of the union. In two years the poem shall be finished, and the many years it must lie by will afford ample time for correction. Mary has been in the *Oracle*; also some of my sonnets in the *Telegraph*, with outrageous commendation. I have declined being a member of a Literary Club which meets weekly, and of which I had been elected a member. Surely a man does not do his duty who leaves his wife to evenings of solitude, and I feel duty and happiness to be inseparable. I am happier at home than any other society can possibly make me. God bless you!

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The literary people whom he met did not impress him with favorable sentiments. The countenance of every lion exhibited some unpleasant trait. He was particularly struck by the "noble eyes and most abominable nose" of the late Mr. Godwin. The latter feature of that gentleman he never saw "without longing to cut it off." He also met Gilbert Wakefield, with "a most critic-like voice, as if he had snarled himself hoarse." In this respect he must have offered a strange contrast to Godwin, whose speech was delightfully soft and silvery. We remember him, in our youth, at the Monday suppers of John Martin, the painter. A noticeable man, truly, with his white hair, broad expanse of forehead, and large, solemn gray eyes. The nose was more massive than is usually worn, but it did not haunt us with any grotesque remembrance. His talk—for we kept to windward of republicans, rights of women, and such-like trumpery—was exceedingly pleasant, with a seasoning of dry humor and sarcasm, frosty but kindly. The most striking and remarkable portrait we have ever seen from a modern pencil, was a head of Godwin in Pickersgill's studio. It was the old man himself looking through a frame.

Edith by his side, and taking Blackstone and *Madoc* together, the poet managed to jog on with small discomfort, vamping up an occasional translation for the booksellers, and looking forward to a country trip in the summer and autumn. A bathing-place on the Hampshire coast was his desire. He loved the sea and its scenery; to lie along its sands; to catch its morning, mid-day, and evening appearances for poetry. Perhaps no poet has

produced more exquisite marine views; and we doubt if the English "*Parnassus*" can excel the description of Ladurlad, in *Kehama*, advancing into the sea, which opens before his footsteps, and makes a roof of crystal over his head:—

With steady tread he held his way
Adown the sloping shore;
The dark green waves with emerald view
Imbue the beams of day,
And on the wrinkled sand below,
Rolling their mazy net-work to and fro,
Light shadows shift and play.

Along the Hampshire coast he had admirable opportunities of studying sea-appearances. The ocean prospect is softened and variegated by the sylvan.

This New Forest (he wrote) is very lively; I should like to have a house in it and dispeople the rest, like William the Conqueror. Of all land objects a forest is the finest. The feelings that fill me when I lie under one tree and contemplate another in all the majesty of years, are neither to be defined nor expressed, and these indefinable and inexpressible feelings are those of the highest delight. They pass over the mind like the clouds of the summer evening—too fine and too fleeting for memory to detain.

He succeeded, after some trouble and walking to and fro, in finding lodgings near Christchurch. His mother came to him from Bath, with his brother Thomas, a midshipman in the navy, and just then released from a French prison at Brest. The season, the country, and his friends, all helped to endear the holiday. "The only drawbacks were his detested legal studies, and the idea of returning to London."

The unequal contest between Poetry and Law was not waged long. Blackstone and Coke, with that Littleton to whom for so many years he has been a sort of rough-rider, retreated before a gathering rank-and-file of literary enterprises. He abandoned his London residence for a small house at Westbury, a village near Bristol, and spoke of this season as among the happiest of his life. One of the pleasantest walks in England led him to young Humphry Davy, in the bloom of manhood and intellect, who repaid the recitation of passages from *Madoc*, with the exhibition of some new chemical experiment. He called his house Martin Hall, in honor of the flourishing colonies of that bird which surrounded and built in it. It was old, but affording delicious prospects, with an abundant garden and incomparable currant puddings. And here, in a Kamtschatkan winter, December 14, 1798, enveloped in a great-coat, formidable and "hirsute," in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and under a fixed, though not pleasing conviction, that his heart was affected, the first volume ends its story of Robert Southey.

The second volume opens with a picture of the poet in full activity—"play plots maturing in his head, but none ripe." They were of all kinds—classical, European, and domestic. All this time his health was shattered.

I thought (he wrote) I was like a Scotch fir, and could grow anywhere; but I am sadly altered, and my nerves are in a vile state. I am almost ashamed of my own feelings, but they depend not upon volition. These things throw a fog over the prospect of life. * * * You know not the alteration I feel. I could once have slept with the Seven Sleepers without a miracle; now the least sound wakes me, and with alarm.

These were painful confessions, but he struggled on to keep his terms at Gray's Inn. A pleasanter episode in his life was the growth of *Madoc*, thoroughly to his own satisfaction. His first poems were also going to press for a third edition.

In the summer of 1799 he enjoyed a short ramble along the northern coast of Devonshire; and we are tempted to extract one sketch, as the most agreeable specimen of his style which these volumes have hitherto presented to us. Gilpin would have delighted in it, and even Price, "the Picturesque man," have seen in it something to praise:—

My walk to Ilfracombe led me through Lynmouth, the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw. Two rivers join at Lynmouth. You probably know the hill streams of Devonshire—each of these flows down a coombe, rolling down over huge stones like a long waterfall; immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and the rivers and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these coombes the one is richly wooded; the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent; on either hand, the coombes and the river before the little village. The beautiful little village, which I am assured by one who is familiar with Switzerland, resembles a Swiss village—this alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but, to complete it, there is the blue and boundless sea, for the faint and feeble line of the Welsh coast is only to be seen on the right hand if the day be perfectly clear. Ascending from Lynmouth up a road of serpentine perpendicularity, you reach a lane, which by a slight descent leads to the Valley of Stones—a spot which, as one of the greatest wonders, indeed, in the West of England, would attract many visitors if the roads were passable by carriages. Imagine a narrow vale between two ridges of hills somewhat steep; the southern hill turfed; the vale which runs from east to west covered with huge stones and fragments of stones among the fern that fills it; the northern ridge completely bare, and excoerated of all turf and all soil, the very bones and skeleton of the earth—rock reclining upon rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge and terrific mass. A palace of the pre-Adamite kings, a city of the Anakim, must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided. I ascended with some toil the highest point; two large stones inclining on each other formed a rude portal on the summit. Here I sat down. A little level platform, about two yards long, lay before me, and then the eye immediately fell upon the sea, far, very far below. I never felt the sublimity of solitude before.—Vol. ii., p. 22, 3.

But the sweet breezes of Devonshire wafted

small vigor to the poet. Soon after his return, a nervous fever laid him on his bed in a state of deplorable weakness. In search of medical help he again visited Bristol, a city which he afterwards commended, in the *Life of Wesley*, as one of the most ancient, most beautiful, and most interesting in England. Nor is the surrounding scenery less remarkable, with "its elm-shadowed fields, and prospect-bounding sea." In the poetry of Southey and Coleridge we find charming sketches of the walks and landscapes:—

The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats and lawns, the Abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The Channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills.

Mr. Bowles traced his earliest associations of poetry with picturesque scenery, to that charming Brockley-Combe, from whence the eye takes in a long reach of the Severn, woods, villages, and the glimmering hill-outline of Wales. A very different person, Robert Hall, was almost equally enthusiastic. "Were you ever in Bristol?" he asked Dr. Gregory. "There is scenery worth looking upon, and worth thinking of."

At this time, however, scenery shone very dimly upon Southey. His letters give distressing glimpses of his sufferings. "I start from sleep, as if death had seized me. I am sensible of every pulsation, and compelled to attend to the motion of my heart till that attention disturbs it." A change of climate seeming to offer the likeliest remedy, his thoughts reverted to his uncle at Lisbon. That affectionate friend did not fail him. He cordially invited his sick relative to try the southern air, and to come as quickly as possible. Southey was very willing to obey the summons. His uncle possessed an excellent library, and a pleasant brook ran before his door. Several of the poet's letters from Portugal are printed in this volume, and are very entertaining. One remark upon the national appearance is worthy of Tacitus or Macchiavelli:—

I meet the galley-slaves sometimes, and have looked at them with a physiognomic eye to see if they differed from the rest of the people. It appeared to me that they had been found out, the others had not.

Lisbon is chiefly supplied from gardens scattered along the Valley of Chellas—a delicious spot, with its orange-trees, vine-embowered walks, broad-leaved figs, corn-fields and olives, hedges of rose and woodbine, and all the luscious fruitage of the Hesperides. Cintra was even lovelier. Most readers have long ago wandered among its green and cooling shades, and eaten its delicious grapes, in the narrative of Mr. Beckford. A stranger, softer, dreamier region never swam into the half-shut eye of Collins or Thomson. It was the very home of Indolence:

A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

How the hours glided past, in riding donkeys

which the rider was too lazy to beat, in picking oranges and figs, in drinking Colares wine—the flower of claret and port, distilled and interfused—and in a voluptuous *siesta* of two hours! The days had no cloud, and purple evenings glimmered and faded into such balmy and visionary moonlight, as Claude might have felt, or Mariana have seen on the old tapestry in the Moated Grange.

But the poet did not yield to Capua. In the enchanted garden of Circe he heard the voice of Minerva. He worked. *Thalaba* was finished, the Indian story was begun, and *Madoc* rose in broader outline on the inward eye. A short residence in Wales was required to give the true tone to the Cambrian hero, and the author anxiously contemplated it. He returned to England with improved health. Southern sunshine had done much for him, but the casting off the burden of law did more. The ghost of Blackstone was laid, and the poet could look the Epic Muse in the face.

While searching about for a resting place where he might receive her visits, in the quiet and peace that she loves, he was fortunately directed to that mountain-home, which was to be “his abode for the longest period of his life, the birth-place of all his children, (save one,) and the place of his final rest.” It happened at that period to be occupied by Coleridge, who thus pleasantly describes its character and charms:—

Our house stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden, nine tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening lights in the front of the house. In front, we have a giant's camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains; which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right, the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left Derwentwater, Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrodale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings.—Vol. ii., p. 147.

Southey did not immediately appreciate the enthusiasm of his friend. He sighed for the Mondego and the Tagus, for the great Mouchique and Cintra. But his studies of the picturesque were suddenly interrupted by the most promising invitation he had hitherto received. His kind protector and associate, Mr. Wynn, had obtained for him the appointment of private secretary to the Irish chancellor of exchequer, with a salary of 350*l*. He accordingly sailed for Dublin, but remained there only a short time, and spent the remainder of the year in London. His official duties were not burdensome; and frequent holidays interspersed pleasant intervals of literary leisure. Meanwhile *Thalaba* moved slowly, but he introduced the writer to Holland House. In the beginning of the following year he lost his mother, and with her the last friend of his infancy and childhood. If his admirers hoped that he

was now on the road to political distinction, they were to be disappointed. The chancellor, having nothing for his secretary to do, proposed to him the education of his son, as a sort of employment of spare time. The secretary declined the offer, and lost his salary with his pupil. Southey could not have been ignorant of the value of that pecuniary independence which he was almost rashly casting away. In one of his letters he speaks of his early struggles, with something of the sadness and reality that lend such power to the journal of Crabbe:—

When *Joan of Arc* was in the press I had as many legitimate causes for unhappiness as any man need have—uncertainty for the future and immediate want, in the literal and plain meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking. My head was full of what I was composing: when I lay down at night, I was planning my poem; and when I rose up in the morning, the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of that poem I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread, and butter, and those little &c.'s which amount to a formidable sum when a man has no resources.—P. 208.

After relinquishing his secretaryship he took up his abode at Bristol, covered his tables with folios, and labored for immortality and Longman. Poetry had been almost laid aside; he found that tugging at the historical oar was more likely to bring him into port; and his chief attention was turned to finding beds, chairs, and a table for a house—when he could get one. Not that the muse was utterly forgotten. To assist the destitute relations of Chatterton, he busied himself in preparing an edition of his poems for the press, which appeared at the close of 1802, and yielded more than 300*l*. to the benevolent design of the editor. He had no intention of settling himself at Bristol. Keswick, with the ghost of old Skiddaw lowering over it, had many attractions in his eye. But to him—a greenhouse plant, and pining for the sun—its cold, rainy climate was a strong objection. He did not know where to choose. Now he thought of green Richmond, with its glorious river; and now of a still shadier hermitage in the vale of Neath; where he might pursue his history, learn Welsh, keep an otter, and teach him to catch a trout for dinner.

I will have (he told his friend, Mr. Bedford,) a toad to catch flies, and it shall be made murder to kill a spider in my domains; then, when you come to visit me, you will see puss on one side, and the otter on the other, both looking for bread and milk, and Margery in her little great chair, and the toad upon the tea-table, and the snake twisting up the leg of the table to look for his share.

But a dispute with a Cambrian landlord about the repairs of a kitchen, dissolved this agreeable dream of a happy family, and the death of his little girl put an end to his doubts about a residence.


Bristol was full of painful recollections, and Coleridge was still living at Keswick. Thither he went :—

Would that you could see (he wrote to his brother) these lakes and mountains, how wonderful they are ! how awful in their beauty ! All the poet part of me will be fed and fostered here. I feel already in tune.

He had now lived thirty years, and supposed himself to be growing old :—

Not so much by the family Bible, as by all external and outward symptoms. The gray hairs have made their appearance ; my eyes are wearing out ; my shoes, the very cut of my father's, at which I used to laugh ; my limbs not so supple as they were at Brixton in '93 ; my tongue not so glib ; my heart quieter ; my hopes, thoughts, and feelings all of the complexion of a sunny autumn evening.

In a letter of nearly the same date, to Mr. Duppa, we stumble upon a pleasant allusion to Hazlitt, who had dropped for a few days into the Lake country, and having painted Coleridge for Sir George Beaumont, was emboldened to try his hand on Wordsworth. The portrait was so dismal, that one of the poet's friends, on looking at it, exclaimed, "At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, yet determined to die like a man." Southey returns more than once to the salutary effects of the scenery upon his mind, and speaks of the best seasons for visiting it ; adding, with great beauty of thought, that in "settled fine weather there are none of those goings on in heaven, which at other times give these scenes such an endless variety." He had not, however, become accustomed to the stern severity of that hilly and tempestuous climate ; he thought the white bear had one advantage over a mountain resident, and would gladly have rolled himself up until the end of October, leaving particular directions to be called early on the first of May. We have been greatly delighted with one picture which he gives Mr. Bedford ; and remember no prose description that surpasses it, unless it be Gray's charming account of sunrise at Southampton :—

I have seen a sight, more dreamy and wonderful than any scenery that Fancy ever yet devised for Faëry-land. We had walked down to the lake side ; it was a delightful day ; the sun shining, and a few white clouds hanging motionless in the sky. The opposite shore of Derwentwater consists of one long mountain, which suddenly terminates in an arch, thus , and through that opening you see a long valley between mountains, and bounded by mountain beyond mountain ; to the right of the arch the heights are more varied and of greater elevation. Now, as there was not a breath of air stirring, the surface of the lake was so perfectly still that it became one great mirror, and all its waters disappeared ; the whole line of shore was represented as vividly and steadily as it existed in its actual being—the arch, the vale within, the single houses far within the vale, the smoke from their chimneys, the farthest hills, and the shadow and substance joined at their bases so indivisibly, that you could make no separation even in your judgment. As I stood on the shore, heaven and the clouds seemed lying under me. I was look-

ing down into the sky, and the whole range of mountains, having one line of summits under my feet, and another above me, seemed to be suspended between the firmaments. Shut your eyes, and dream of a scene so unnatural and so beautiful. What I have said is most strictly and scrupulously true ; but it was one of those happy moments that can seldom occur, for the least breath stirring would have shaken the whole vision, and at once unrealized it. I have before seen a partial appearance, but never before did, and perhaps never again may, lose sight of the lake entirely ; for it literally seemed like an abyss of sky before me, not fog and clouds from a mountain, but the blue heaven spotted with a few fleecy pillows of cloud, that looked as if placed there for angels to rest upon them.—P. 259.

"Homed and housed" at Keswick, the poet lived in a sort of domestic solitude ; working upon reviews and graver themes, which he variegated with occasional glasses of port wine, and glimpses of the view before his window. He portrays himself with quite a Montaigne simplicity and liveliness. We see him bending over his desk, in the large odd-looking study, dressed in long worsted pantaloons and gaiters, and with a green shade to protect his eyes. The cat, having soon found his room the quietest in the house, gives him her constant company, and sits by his side, and purrs with almost as much melody and rhythm as many lines in *Kehama*. He had formed a canine as well as a feline acquaintanceship. Poets, from Pope and Shenstone to Cowper and Miss Mitford, have rejoiced in dogs. Southey had one, a well-bred hound, Dapper by name ; affectionate, but a coward. Of deficiency in courage some convincing illustrations are recorded. A porcine apparition shook Dapper's nerves for the day. But other qualities overbalanced the defect. And now the poet closes his book, and sauntering down to the river (Dapper at his heels) which runs at the bottom of the orchard, he throws stones until his arms ache. Not a thought of history or drudgery goes with him. He confessed that he never got into any regular train of thought unless the pen was in his hand. The shade of orchard-trees was for poetry and *Madoc*.

This great *opus*, of which numberless intimations meet the reader of the *Correspondence*, at length reached Keswick in its presentable shape ;—a beautiful book in quarto, very dear, and having "Snowdon" spelt wrong throughout. "I cannot help feeling," he wrote, "that the poem looks like the work of an older man ; that all its lights are evening sunshine." *Madoc* did very well ; half of the edition having been exhausted in three months. Although late in appearance, it had been among the earliest of his poetical visions, and he entertained the most confident hopes of its lasting fame. He knew its execution to be the finest he had produced.

Compare it (he said) with the *Odyssey*, not with the *Iliad* ; with *King John* and *Coriolanus*, not *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*. The story wants unity, and has, perhaps, too Greek, too stoical, a want of passion ; but as far as I can see, with the same

eyes wherewith I read Homer, and Shakspeare, and Milton, it is a good poem, and must live.

Perhaps all works—whether of the pen, the pencil, or the chisel—require patient scrutiny, in proportion to the delicate harmony of their composition. A glance of the eye takes in Tintoret; but a whole day scarcely unfolds the grace of Raffaele. Sir Walter Scott assured Southey that he had read *Madoc* three times, and with an increasing sense of its merits. We are, nevertheless, unwilling to admit the high panegyric bestowed on the poem by its author. Taking occasion to mention William Taylor's opinion, that the press had sent out no production equal to *Madoc* since *Paradise Lost*, Southey adds—"Indeed, this is not exaggerated praise, for unfortunately there is no competition." This was a bold saying; and bolder than it was wise. In that long interval of more than one hundred and thirty years, our poetry was enriched with contributions which will be treasured for all time. Milton himself had built a wing to his splendid palace of song; inferior in its architecture, and less sumptuously furnished; but still of grand design and beautiful execution. Dryden had written his exquisite Fables; Pope had in one piece displayed the lustrous gayety of Ariosto, with chaster graces of fancy and taste; Thomson had dipped his language in the lights of the rainbow; Young had shed abroad the full wisdom of his most thoughtful mind; and Akenside had revived among us the fading bloom of classic color and outline.

Our remarks upon these volumes have been, of necessity, too rapid to permit of any close or chronological arrangement. With so large a tract to fly over, we have been obliged to keep almost constantly upon the wing. Dropping down now and then among the corn, we have found a few ears to carry away. To some of the literary notices which are scattered through the poet's letters, reference has already been made. Towards the end of this second volume we meet with two or three slight sketches, which are not without interest. Mrs. Bare-bald (as he named the ingenious lady of *Evenings at Home*) had said something uncivil of Lamb, whom he wished to "sing her flaxen wig with squibs." Of Coleridge he observes, "His mind is in a perpetual St. Vitus' Dance—eternal activity without action;" a most penetrating and happy criticism, which Coleridge unconsciously confirms in the Prospectus of *The Friend*, when he says:—"I am inclined to believe that this want of perseverance has been produced in the main by an over-activity of thought modified by a constitutional indolence." We might enlarge these little sketches from a visit which Southey made to London in the summer of 1804. He dined with Sotheby, the translator of *Oberon*, whom he liked; and met Price, "the picturesque man, and Davies Giddy," whose face he declared "ought to be perpetuated in marble for the honor of mathematics." In the autumn of the following year he went to Edinburgh, in the company of Peter

Elmsley, and passed a few days with Walter Scott at Ashiestiel. He tracked the Last Minstrel through his pleasant haunts, and even took spear in hand against the salmon. The Scottish men of letters did not surprise him; he considered them to be fairly represented by the diminutive *literatuli*. But the country he thought charming—Teviotdale, the Yarrow, the Tweed, and romantic Melrose, won his praise. For Presbyterianism, with its twang and its frost, he had no sympathy. He returned to Keswick while the news of Nelson's death was bursting, in thunder, over England. He wrote to Mr. Bedford, "What a death is Nelson's! It seems to me one of the characteristics of the sublime, that its whole force is never perceived at once. The more it is contemplated, the deeper is its effect. When this war began I began an ode, which almost I feel now disposed to complete." And to his brother, "You will have heard of Nelson's most glorious death. He leaves a name above all former admirals." A volume, or an article, could not have a better conclusion. Southey did something more for Nelson than completing the ode.

A FAITHFUL SLAVE LIBERATED.—The following is an extract from the will of Judge Upsher, late secretary of state of the United States, killed by the explosion on board the steamer Princeton:—"I emancipate and set free my servant David Rich, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem, and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent, and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an unintentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form: it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give, him an unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he."—*Chambers' Journal*.

GARRICK'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.—At a sale of a collection of autograph letters were fifty of the celebrated David Garrick. In one, which was written on the night of his first appearance in London, he says:—"My mind has always been inclined to the stage * * * * Last night I played *Richard the Third* to the surprise of everybody; and, as I shall make very near £300 per annum of it, and as it is really what I dote upon, I am resolved to pursue it." This interesting series of letters sold at high prices, amounting in the whole to about £110.

From the Knickerbocker.

DISUNION.

Ay, shout! 't is the day of your pride,
Ye despots and lords of the earth!
Teach your serfs the American name to deride
And to rattle their fetters in mirth.
Ay, shout! for the league of the free
Is about to be shivered to dust,
And the torn branches fall from the vigorous tree,
Wherein Liberty placed her last trust.
Shout, shout! for more firmly established will be
Your thrones and dominions beyond the blue sea.

Laugh on! for such folly supreme
The world has yet never beheld;
And ages to come will the wild story seem
A tale by antiquity swelled.
For nothing that Time has up-built,
And set in the annals of crime,
So stupid in folly, so wretched in guilt,
Darkens sober tradition or rhyme.
It will be like the fable of Eblis' fall,
A by-word of mocking and horror to all.

Ye mad! who would 'rase out your name
From the league of the proud and the free,
And separate, ideal sovereignty claim,
Like a lone wave flung off from the sea;
Oh, pause! ere you plunge in the chasm
That yawns in your dangerous way;
Ere Freedom, convulsed with one terrible spasm,
Desert you forever and aye!
Pause! think! ere the earthquake astonish your
souls,
And the thunder of war through your green valleys
rolls.

Good God! what a title, what name
Will history give to your crime!
In the deepest abyss of dishonor and shame
Ye will writhe till the last hour of time,
As braggarts who forged their own chains,
Pulled down what their forefathers built,
And tainted the blood in their children's young
veins
With the poison of slavery and guilt;
And Freedom's bright heart be hereafter tenfold
For your folly and fall more discouraged and cold.

What flag shall float over the fires,
And the smoke of your parricide war,
Instead of the stars and broad stripes of your sires?
A lone, pale, dim, mist-covered star,
With the treason cloud hiding its glow,
And its waning crest close to the sea;
Will the eagle's wing shelter and shield you? ah, no!
That wing shelters only the free.
Miscall it, disguise it, boast, brag, as ye will,
Ye are traitors, misled by your mad leaders still.

Turn, turn, men! Cast down in your might
The Anarchs that sit at the helm!
Steer, steer your proud ship from the gulf which
the night

Of treason and terror o'erwhelms.
Turn back! From your mountains and glens,
From your lakes, from the rivers and sea,
From forest and precipice, cavern and den,
Where your forefathers bled to be free,
From the graves where those glorious forefathers
lie,

The warning reëchoes, "Turn back, ere ye die!"
Little Rock, (Ark.) ALBERT PIKE.

From the Boston Post.

THE MINER'S DREAM.

THE day was done—he swallowed a crust—
The last he had in his locker—
He placed his head on a bag of dust,
And his hands on the pick and rocker.

And there by the Yuba's lonely stream,
His tent the murky sky,
He dreamed the most auriferous dream;
Alas! that 't was all in his eye.

He saw the noble palace of gold
Which the ancient Spaniards sought—
The dome of gold was lofty and bold,
And the pillars with gold inwrought.

On a glittering throne the inca sat—
(Of solid gold 't was builded)—
"His mutton was served on a golden plate,
And his gingerbread was gilded."

And the guards wore golden plumes so tall—
And their helmets shone like suns—
They fired at a mark with golden ball,
Which were cast for their golden guns.

The golden-rod waved in every breeze,
And the gold-thread grew in the brakes—
Goldfinches twittered in all the trees,
And gold-fish swam in the lakes.

"I give thee all!" the Inca cried,
"My palace, my guard, my throne—
And the river's bed, and the mountain's side,
Their treasures are thine alone."

Now over his dream a change hath come;
The fields are rocky and bare,
He dreams of his old New England home,
And the memories clustered there.

He walks by the run at Seymour's pond,
Where he hauled the pickerel in;
Ah! the grapes of which he was so fond,
In the former age of tin.

Hurrah! Point Rocks! the ocean shore,
And the marching tides deploy,
With the same wild rush and the same wild roar
That thrilled him when a boy.

Now the school-house red, with its hopper roof,
And its dust, and noise, and fun,
And the ferrule's whisk, and the sharp reproof,
And the shout when school is done.

Anon he dreams of the Sabbath day,
The Sabbath bell doth toll,
And serious faces throng the way
And serious thoughts the soul.

And when in dreams he had ceased to roam,
And waked by the Yuba river,
He thought of his wife, and his child, and his home,
And of God, the perfect giver.

Why change the treasures of the heart
For glittering lumps like these?
So across the isthmus he took a start,
And came home by way of Chagres.

TRISMEGIST.

P. S. He brought the lumps with him.

From Punch.

SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

The Bank. The Unprotected Female escapes from the hands of her cab-driver, after an hour of stoppages, prayers, fears, remonstrances, higgings, and general uncomfortableness of all kinds.

Unprotected Female (before the bank entrance.—Thank goodness! (Gazes eagerly round her.) Oh! I wonder where Mr. Jones is. (St. Paul's clock strikes "Three.") Oh! it's 3 o'clock, and I ought to have been here at 2. (She enters the court.) I thought he would have waited. (To the Stately Beadle in the cocked hat.) Oh, please, has Mr. Jones been here?

Stately Beadle (vacantly).—Jones! There's a deal o' Joneses.

Unprotected Female (with unsolicited communicativeness).—It's Mr. Jones who is in the city, and has always come with me to draw my dividends; and he said he would meet me here to-day, at 2; but the horrid cabman would get into a stoppage, and it's past 3, and I don't see him; and I've got all my papers here; and if you please, do you think they'd give me the money? and where am I to go? and it's too bad of Mr. Jones; for he knows I'm not used to business; and, please, could you direct me to the Funds?

Stately Beadle (whose attention has wandered a good deal during the above).—Fust door to the right.

Unprotected Female.—Oh, thank you!

[Enters the door of the Rotunda, which, it being a dividend day, is filled with an average of half-a-dozen customers to each clerk.]

Unprotected Female (looking about her in alarm).—Oh, I wish Mr. Jones was here. (Addressing herself to the nearest group of two very impatient city gents, an embarrassed elderly lady, a deaf old gentleman, and a widow, all upon one clerk.)—Oh! please, I've come for my dividends. (Finding herself not listened to, she raps the counter.) Please, I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (in the same breath).—Two three five—how will you have it? What d'ye make it? Eight four six eight and eight. Take it short? Seven three two. (Despatches his group with incredible rapidity and good temper. To the Unprotected Female.) Now, ma'am, please.

Unprotected Female.—If you please, I'm come for my dividends—

Clerk (rapidly).—Dividend-office.

[Dashes into the business of the next half-a-dozen customers, leaving the Unprotected Female in utter helplessness.]

Unprotected Female.—Oh, they won't attend to me. It's shameful. They durst n't treat me so if Mr. Jones was here, (violently thrusting herself to the desk,) but I must have my dividends.

1st Customer (politely).—Dividend-office, ma'am.

2d Customer (indignantly).—It is n't here, ma'am.

3d Customer (humorously).—First door round the corner, ma'am.

4th Customer (savagely).—Now, ma'am, get out of the way.

Unprotected Female (gazing wretchedly from one to the other).—Oh, it's my dividends.

Clerk (with contemptuous pity).—Here, Forester, tell her—

[Forester gently conducts the Unprotected Female, vehemently protesting, to the Long Annuities Dividend-office.]

Forester (thoughtfully to himself).—Elderly lady. Longs is n't it, ma'am? Here you are.

Unprotected Female.—Oh, thank you; I'm sure I did n't know (goes to the nearest desk and addresses herself to nobody in particular).—Please, I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (seizing a disengaged moment and whipping open transfer-book).—What name?

Unprotected Female (not understanding).—Eh? What?

Clerk.—Watt! Go to the W's.

Unprotected Female (bewildered).—The W's?

Clerk (pointing with his pen).—Over the way—fourth desk—there!

Unprotected Female mechanically obeying and accosting clerk at the desk indicated).—Please, I've come for my dividends, and they told me to come to the W's.

Clerk.—Name?

Unprotected Female (replunged into bewilderment).—What?

Clerk.—Christian name?

[Running over the "Watt's" with his finger in the Transfer-book.]

Unprotected Female.—Martha.

Clerk.—No Martha Watt here. Must have made a mistake, ma'am.

Unprotected Female (in great wretchedness).—Oh, they told me to come.

Clerk.—How do you spell your name?

Unprotected Female.—ST—

Clerk (indignantly).—Then what do you come to the W's for? You gave me your name "Watt."

Unprotected Female (explanatorily).—No, I said "What?"

Clerk.—Well, "Watt." That don't begin with ST—

Unprotected Female.—No—my name is n't Watt. I only said "What." It's Struggles is my name—Martha Struggles.

Clerk (relieved and kindly).—Go to ST, and give your name, and they'll give you a warrant.

Unprotected Female.—Oh—I don't want a warrant—I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (impatiently).—Te—Te—Te. Why don't you bring somebody with you?

Unprotected Female (glad of the opportunity, is about to explain the defection of Jones).—Oh, you see, Mr. Jones—

Clerk.—Well—well—never mind Mr. Jones—go to the ST's—there (pointing with his pen,) and take what they give you. Now, sir. (To the next payee.)

Unprotected Female (gaining the ST's at last with unusual directness).—Martha Struggles, and I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (discovering the name).—How much?

Unprotected Female (plunging into her bag and bringing up a handful of papers).—It's all down here.

Clerk (hastily).—Put it down. Now ma'am.

[Proceeds to dispose of other applicants.]

Unprotected Female (after performing a series of complicated calculations, puts in her paper triumphantly).—That's it.

Clerk reading out (waggishly).—289734—two hundred and eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-four pounds—ma'am!

Unprotected Female.—No—no—two hundred and eighty-nine pounds, seven shillings and three farthings, and I don't mind the copper.

Clerk (referring to book).—No such sum under that name in Long Annuities. What stock?

Unprotected Female.—In the Funds.

Clerk.—Bank Stock, Consols, Reduced, Three-and-a-Quarters, or terms of years?

Unprotected Female (solemnly, but with much alarm.)—No, it's all in the Funds.

Clerk.—Yes, but what stock?

Unprotected Female (in a tone intended to inspire respect.)—In the Government Securities, every farthing of it.

Clerk (suddenly.)—Oh! you've got your stock receipts there. Let me look. (*Holding his hand.*)

Unprotected Female (suspiciously.)—Oh, but Mr. Jones said I was n't. They're my securities.

Clerk (half amused, half hopeless of arriving at a result.)—Hold 'em tight, Ma'am; only let me look. Longs, and Three-and-a-Quarters. (*Makes out the warrant for the Long Annuities' Stock.*) Now, sign there, Ma'am. (*Pushes the Dividend-book over to her.*) *Unprotected Female* is about to write her name promiscuously. No, no. Opposite there—So.

Unprotected Female (suddenly seized with a qualm.)—But you'll pay me!

Clerk.—Dear, dear, dear! Now sign there. (*Giving her the warrant.*) So. (*signs.*) Now, take that to the Rotunda, and they'll give you the money.

Unprotected Female.—Oh, but can't you, please? I'd rather have it here.

Clerk.—No. We don't pay here. There, it's that round room you came through.

Unprotected Female.—Oh, but I asked there as I came on, and they would n't.

Clerk.—But they will now, if you show 'em that. Now do go, ma'am. These gentlemen are waiting.

[*Pointing to a group which has been jointly and severally consigning the Unprotected Female to very unpleasant places during the above colloquy.*]

Unprotected Female (very humbly to the group.)—I'm sure I'm very sorry—But Mr. Jones—(*Her explanation is cut short by a rush of payees; and she wanders back to the Rotunda. Addressing First Clerk, who has his hands full already.*)—Please, could you pay me my dividends?

Elderly Gentleman.—Wait a moment, madam.

Unprotected Female.—They said you would if I showed you this.

[*Holding up warrant. Elderly Gentleman is disposed of.*]

Unprotected Female.—Oh! please, could you?

Brisk Clerk.—There's three before you, old lady. (*Brisk Clerk is disposed of.*)

Unprotected Female.—Now, if you please—

Severe Widow (with much asperity.)—I beg you'll wait for your turn, ma'am.

Unprotected Female (in a tone of dignified retort.)—Oh! by all means, ma'am. (*Severe Widow is disposed of.*) Now, please, my dividends. (*Hands over warrant.*)

Harassed Clerk (snappishly.)—How do you make it!

Unprotected Female.—Oh! I did n't make it. It was my poor Uncle Thomas left it to me.

Harassed Clerk (glaring at her as with a desire to annihilate her.)—Add it up. How much is it?

Unprotected Female (with a ray of intelligence.)—Oh! it's 289*l.* 7*s.* 0*d.* But I don't mind the copper.

Harassed Clerk (flinging back the warrant.)—It's only for 200*l.*

Unprotected Female.—Oh! then they've cheated me, I thought they would. Here are my securities.

[*Shows stock certificates.*]

Harassed Clerk (comprehending at a glance.)—200*l.* in Longs, the rest in Three-and-a-Quarters. If you bring the warrant for the rest, I'll pay you. You can only have 200*l.* on this—

Unprotected Female (clapping her hands in despair.)—Oh, they did n't give me anything but that, and they said you'd pay me if I showed it you—and now you won't—Oh—

Harassed Clerk (on the verge of an explosion.)—Bless the woman!

Unprotected Female (passing suddenly from the depths of despair to the summit of felicity.)—Oh, there's Mr. Jones! Oh, Mr. Jones!

[*Rushes towards that individual, who enters the Rotunda; all but falls into his arms, and the scene closes on her rapture of relief.*]

A BLACK STATUE TO THOMAS CARLYLE.—Pleasant is it to record the ready gratitude of bodies of men. Well, Thomas Carlyle, the man who, with his iron pen, pricks "wind-bags;" who, with his iron-tipped shoon, kicks "flunkeydom;" who, with his Vulcanic fist, knocks down the giant "Sham,"—Thomas Carlyle is to be rewarded by the West India planters for his late advocacy of "the beneficent whip," and the Kentuckian wrath with which he has all-but destroyed emancipated "Black Quashee," the wretch who will not work among sugar-canes, unless well paid for his sweat;* preferring to live upon pumpkin! to be, in fact, a free, luxurious citizen of accursed Pumpkindom. Thomas Carlyle is to be vicariously executed in black marble, and to stand in the most conspicuous spot of the island of Jamaica, with a pumpkin fashioned into a standish in one hand, and the sugar-cane pointed and nibbed into a pen in the other.

So should it be done unto the man whom the slave-holder delights to honor!

There will be copies in little—statuettes—for the American market, to grace the mantel-shelf of the Virginian man-buyer.—*Punch.*

THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Now matters are mending; our exports, ascending,

Cause Business to caper and Credit to crow;

Our fisheries are rising in manner surprising,

And butter is moving, and cheese on the go.

Up cordage has gotten, and fabrics of cotton

Exhibit an increase delightful to see:

Glass, hardware, and pottery, with drapery, silk-shottery,

And leather, are doing as well as may be.

Our dealings in linen give proof of a spinning,

Which all Europe's spiders can't equal us in;

We've sold the world metals for saucepans and kettles,

And had a proportionate influx of tin.

With colors for dying and painters supplying,

We're driving a trade very flattering to hope.

Which consideration affords consolation

For not having been quite so well off for soap.

Despite contradiction, without any fiction,

Our stationery has advanced we may say;

The woollen trade, lastly, is prospering vastly:

The inference we draw from these facts is—

Hooray!

Punch.

* See Living Age, No. 299.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
LETTERS FROM JAMAICA.
Kingston, Feb. 1st, 1850.

It will be sixteen years next August since slavery was abolished on this island, and the apprenticeship system, which took its place, was abolished four years later. Since that period, the laws have recognized no distinctions of color among the inhabitants. The black people have enjoyed the same political privileges as the whites, and with them have shared the honors and the patronage of the mother and the local governments.

The effect of this policy upon the people of color may be partially anticipated; but one accustomed to the proscribed condition of the free blacks in the United States, will constantly be startled at the diminished importance attached here to the matter of complexion. Inter-marriages are constantly occurring between the white and colored people, and their families associate together within the ranks to which by wealth and culture they respectively belong, and public opinion does not recognize any social distinctions based exclusively upon color. Of course, cultivated or fashionable people will not receive colored persons of inferior culture and worldly resources, but the rule of discrimination is scarcely more rigorous against these than against whites. They are received at the "King's House"—it is thus the governor's residence is styled—and they are invited to his table with fastidious courtesy. The wife of the present mayor of Kingston is a "brown" woman—that is the name given to all the intermediate shades between a decided white and decided black complexion—so also is the wife of the receiver-general himself, one of the most exalted public functionaries upon the island.

A circumstance occurred shortly after I arrived, which may be interesting to some in this connection. It was proposed by some of the officers stationed near Kingston, and gentlemen resident in and about the city, to give a public ball. They proceeded to engage the theatre for the occasion. Some Jews, who as a class incline to indemnify themselves for their exclusion from the society of the whites by striking an alliance with the people of color, circulated among the latter a report that the committee on invitations to the ball had resolved that "no colored person, Jew, or dog," should be invited. Of course the story produced considerable excitement among those most concerned.

The theatre belongs to the city. The committee "on the theatre" in the Common Council, composed of a majority of brown men, quietly turned the key of the theatre, and excluded the artisans sent to arrange it for the festival. The ball had to be postponed in consequence, and finally took place at the Camp, a much more desirable place in every particular. I was assured, by members of the ball committee, that the Jews' report was false altogether—that they had resolved upon no such exclusions. They did not propose to invite Jews, because there had heretofore been no social intercourse between them and their respective families, nor did it appear that either party desired any; but they said that invitations had been sent to the daughters of the receiver-general, and of the mayor;—all, as I have before mentioned, browns. Before the ball took place, I believe the colored people became satisfied that they had been deceived, for a brown gentleman spoke to me with some bitterness of a determination formed by the committee on invitations, as he professed to know of his own knowledge, to invite to the ball no persons who had ever

been behind a counter; but he made no allusion to the other report.

Ill-health unfortunately prevented my attending this ball, and no other equally favorable opportunity was presented during my stay upon the island to observe the extent to which, in their social relations, the prejudices of color have been obliterated.

One unacquainted with the extent to which the amalgamation of races has gone here, is constantly liable to drop remarks in the presence of white persons, which, in consequence of the mixture of blood that may have taken place in some branch of their families, are likely to be very offensive. I was only protected from frequent *contre temps* of this kind, by the timely caution of a lady, who, in explaining its propriety, said that unless one knows the whole collateral kindred of a family in Jamaica he is not safe in assuming that they have not some colored connections.

One of the most distinguished barristers on the island is a colored man, who was educated at an English university, and ate his terms at Lincoln's Inn, as must all barristers who wish to practise here; the judicial authorities of the island having no power to admit any one to practise the law in any of its departments. This is a circumstance, by the way, which has given to Jamaica a bar of rare culture and talent.

It so happened that the Surry Assize was sitting in Kingston when I arrived, Sir Joshua Rowe presiding. I availed myself of the courtesy of a professional friend, and accompanied him one day to the court, while in session. Though the room contained a crowd of people, there did not appear to be twenty white persons among them, the court and bar inclusive. Two colored lawyers were sitting at the barristers' table, and the jury-box was occupied by twelve men, all but three of whom were colored, and all but two, who were negroes, were Jews. Two witnesses were examined before I left the room, both of whom were colored and both police officers. All the officers of the court, except the clerk, were also colored. I was assured that more than seven tenths of the whole police force of the island, amounting to about eight hundred men, are colored. Judging from the proportion that fell under my observation, this estimate cannot be far from correct. But what will the southern readers of the Evening Post say, when I add, that in the legislative assembly of Jamaica, composed of fifty-six or fifty-seven British subjects, some ten or a dozen are colored men? Nay more, the public printers of the legislature, Messrs. Jordan & Osborn, are both colored men, and are likewise editors of the leading government paper, the Kingston Journal.

It was my privilege the other day to make the acquaintance of one of the most highly cultivated men I ever met, upon whose complexion the accidents of birth had left a tinge which betrayed the African bar on his escutcheon. He is a brown man, about forty-five years of age, I judged, and was educated in one of the English universities, where he enjoyed every advantage which wealth could procure for his improvement. His appearance and address both indicate superior refinement. He enjoys an enviable reputation as a naturalist, and has published a volume on the birds of Jamaica, illustrated by his own pencil, which displays both literary and scientific merit of a high order. He is one of the stipendiary magistrates of the island, upon a salary of £500 sterling per annum.

Mr. Hill—for there can be no impropriety in my mentioning a name which its owner has made so honorable—stated to me an extraordinary fact in the cultivation of the pimento, which is worth repeating, and lest no more favorable opportunity may occur, I will mention it here.

The island of Jamaica furnishes nine tenths of all the pimento that is the subject of commerce throughout the world. And yet, Mr. Hill says, that there is not a pimento walk on the island which has been cultivated from seed planted by human hands. On the contrary, all the seed is scattered about with the *rejectamenta* of the birds, and when it comes up, the bushes and shrubbery by which it happens to be surrounded, are cut away from about it, and thus the pimento walk is laid out. The same thing, he said, was true of the guava. He intimated an impression that a proper analysis of the soil in which the seed germinated would probably reveal the secret, hitherto inviolate, by the aid of which the pimento could be cultivated like other fruit from its seed.

This statement becomes the more astonishing when the fact is considered that Jamaica has exported over three millions of pounds of this spice in a single year.

It is the policy of the present administration, both in Downing street and Spanishtown, to promote intercourse in every possible way between the different races in Jamaica, and throughout the British West India Islands; and to this end the colored people are familiarized as rapidly as possible with the political duties of the citizen—as John Bull understands them. They have certainly a fair share of the public patronage; indeed, they are esteemed the favorites of the government; there are one or two black regiments here constantly under pay; they furnish nine tenths of the officers of the penitentiary, and, as I have before said, almost the entire police force of the island, and ultimately, I have reason to believe, it is the expectation of the home government that these islands, without changing their colonial relations, will be substantially abandoned by the white population, and their local interests left to the exclusive management of the people of color. But more of this anon.

While the *entente cordiale* between the whites and the colored people is apparently strengthening daily, a very different state of feeling exists between the negroes or Africans, and the browns. The latter shun all connection by marriage with the former, and can experience no more unpardonable insult than to be classified with them in any way. They generally prefer that their daughters should live with a white person upon any terms, than be married to a negro. It is their ambition that their offspring should be light-complexioned, and there are few sacrifices they will not make to accomplish that result, whether married or not. Color, with them, in a measure, marks rank, and they have the same fear of being confounded with what they deem an inferior caste, that is so often exhibited by vulgar people, who have no ascertained or fixed social position.

It was in consequence of this state of feeling, which I have described, that Soulouque, the Emperor of Hayti, who is utterly black, recently commenced his terrible system of persecution against the browns. Upon the pretence that they were conspiring against his government, or contemplated other capital offences, he issued warrants for the arrest of all the prominent brown men within his

empire. They were obliged to abscond, precipitately, to save their lives. Many of them took refuge in Jamaica.

I visited one who cultivates a small plantation of about twenty acres, near Kingston. Nothing about him but his complexion and his hair indicated African blood. He had a fine, intelligent countenance, and good address. His grounds were under admirable culture, and displayed skill, industry and thrift. His tobacco beds were his pride, but around them the rarest tropical fruits and vegetables to be found upon the island were growing in luxuriant perfection. He had been stripped of most of his property by the emperor, but he was living here in apparent comfort and respectability. Upon the walls of the room in which my companion and myself were shown, were suspended two portraits, one of his wife and the other of his daughter, who, he informed me, is now in Paris, at school. If the likeness be correct, the original must be exceedingly beautiful. The paintings were both of superior merit as works of art.

His wife had not been permitted by the emperor to join him, nor did he enjoy very frequent opportunities of hearing from her. He alluded to his domestic sorrows with great feeling, but, with a Frenchman's hopefulness, he looked for a time when justice should be done to him, and to the tyrant through whom he suffered.

Spanishtown, Jan. 30, 1850.

St. Jago de la Vega, now and for more than a hundred years past called Spanishtown by the people, is the political centre of the island. It lies about east of Kingston, and is reached by traversing twelve out of the only fourteen miles of railroad in Jamaica. The inhabitants do nothing here in a hurry, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the average time made by the trains between the two cities is not less than forty-five minutes, or fifteen miles the hour, for which passengers are expected to pay the sum of seventy-five cents.

Spanishtown is one of the oldest places on this continent. It is supposed to have been founded by Diego Columbus, the brother of the discoverer, in 1523. No one who visits the place now, will dispute its antiquity, nor experience much difficulty in believing that all the houses at present standing, were built before Diego left the island, so old and ruinous is their general appearance.

The governor's residence is here; here the Parliament holds its session uniformly, and the superior courts occasionally; and here are the government offices and public records. The occupants of these public buildings, and the persons employed about them, represent the wealth, intelligence, and industry of the city. I did not see a store in the place, though there may have been one or two, perhaps; it has not a single respectable hotel, nor did I see a dray-cart, or any similar evidence of activity and thrift, although a population of 5,000 people is said to be lodged within its precincts. The city is supported mainly out of the public treasury. Those that have anything are generally connected in some way, directly or indirectly, with the public service, and those that have not anything wait upon those who have.

The public buildings form a quadrangle, one side of which is the "King's House"—the residence of the governor—opposite to it is the Parliament House, and the other two sides are devoted to the public offices and courts. This is all of Spanishtown worthy of notice.

The present governor of the island is Sir Charles E. Grey, a cousin of Earl Grey, her majesty's secretary for the colonies. He is about sixty years of age, I should judge, and rather stout, but vigorous and active. He is far from being handsome, but nature has endowed him with a benevolent disposition, a rare and genial humor, and more than ordinary executive talents, which, with the aid of high culture and rare experience, have made him a decidedly noticeable man. He was educated to the bar, and practised in the courts of Westminster Hall for some years, not without distinction. During my visit in Spanishtown, the British steamer Teviot arrived, bringing the young Earl of Durham, yet quite a lad, who, for the sake of his health, had chosen this, instead of the more direct route, to visit his sister, Lady Elgin, in Canada. His arrival furnished the governor an occasion for mentioning that the first fee he ever received as a barrister, was two hundred and fifty guineas from this lad's father, in the case of his contested election to a seat in Parliament, many years ago. The result of the contest vindicated Lord Durham's sagacity, and at once gave the young barrister professional position. His family connection and serviceable talents transferred him, at a comparatively early age, from the bar to the highly important post of judge in India, where he presided with distinction for many years. He was subsequently appointed governor of the island of Barbadoes, from whence he was promoted to his present position, which is esteemed the second governorship, in point of dignity, in the gift of the crown—Canada being the first. One of the governor's friends here told me, that if Lord Elgin should retire from Canada, Sir Charles Grey would unquestionably be appointed to his place. A doubt flitted across my mind, which I did not see fit to express then, and which it is unnecessary to suggest now. I may say, however, that if the queen should ever appoint a successor to Lord Elgin, in Canada, Sir Charles Grey would compare not unfavorably with any of the distinguished statesmen who have preceded him in that colony. Lady Grey resides in England, with her daughters. Lieutenant Charles William, their son, is with the governor here, as assistant secretary and aid.

The causes of this division of his family there is no occasion to refer to. It is enough to say that in his day the governor has been a "fast man," and is still esteemed a "brick."

The governor is *ex officio* chancellor, the presiding officer of the "Court of Ordinary," and presiding officer of the "Court of Appeals under Errors." He is also vested with the powers of a High Court of Admiralty. As governor, he receives a salary of \$30,000 a year, which is increased by the fees accruing from his various judicial offices some eight or ten thousand more. His official income is not over estimated at forty thousand dollars annually: a very pretty sum for a plain man, but not much for a nobleman, they say.

Opposite to the governor's residence is the House of Assembly, or Parliament House, where I was impatient to meet the assembled legislative wisdom of the island, and whither I bent my steps as soon after my arrival in town as circumstances would permit.

When I entered, the house was "in committee of the whole on the state of the Island," Mr. Jordan, a brown man and one of the editors of the *Morning Journal*, in the chair. Mr. Osborne, an-

other brown man, his associate in the editorship of the *Journal*, was speaking. About twenty-five members were present. The room was a plain, indeed homely, sort of an apartment, competent to hold three or four hundred people, and divided in two by a bar, within which sat the members. The room was entirely without ornament of any kind, and resembled a country court-room in the United States. Mr. Jordan, who occupied the chair, is a clear-headed, deliberate, and sagacious man, and is, perhaps as much as any one, the leader of what is called the King's House, or administration party.

Osborne, who was speaking when I entered, was originally a slave. I afterwards had occasion to observe that he talked more than any other man in the house, though I did not perceive that he had any particular vocation as an orator. He is not educated; he is, however, rather illiterate than ignorant, and his mind lacks discipline and order, but he has an influence with his colleagues which is not to be despised. He is sanguine and pertinacious to a degree, and by taking advantage of the heedlessness or indolence of his colleagues, accomplishes more than many members of superior capacity. He and Jordan are the public printers, from which appointment they derive a profit which is supposed here to exceed thirty thousand dollars a year. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the Assembly and in their journal they support the present administration fervently.

The speaker, Charles M'Larty Morales, is of Jewish descent, and by profession a physician. He contested his present seat successfully with Samuel Jackson Dallas, the previous incumbent, who, I learned to my surprise, is a cousin to our late vice-president. Mr. Dallas represents Port Royal; he is very tall, quite thin, and gray, and looks like a gentleman, but shares few of the advantages of personal appearance which distinguish his American cousin.

The speaker is chosen by the Assembly, subject to the matter-of-course approval of the governor. He is the only member who receives any compensation. As speaker, he is allowed £960 per annum, nearly \$5000; at least that was the sum allowed to Mr. Dallas, by a law passed in 1845, and I think no change has been made in that salary since. I am the more confident of this, from a circumstance which occurred in the house only two or three days ago. Some of the friends of Morales brought forwards a proposition to advance the speaker's salary, when a member rose and with crushing effect produced the journal of the house of some previous year, in which Morales' vote was recorded against the law which advanced the speaker's salary to its present figure, upon the ground that the old salary was high enough. Of course, the proposition met with no favor.

Had I realized what a set of shadows composed this body, and how utterly destitute they were of the independence and the power which give to political representation all its value, I should have felt less impatience to visit it. I had expected to find there, as in the United States, and as in England, all the troubles of the island finding expression. I supposed the reports, debates and legislative formulas would have revealed the activity, the tendencies, the grievances, and in general the public sentiment of Jamaica; instead of which I found a body of men in no respect representatives of the people, holding legislative office without the vital functions of legislators.

I will reserve the evidences of this statement, and what else I have to say about the politics of Jamaica, for another communication.

Spanishtown, Jan. 30, 1850.

In my last communication I stated that the local legislature of this island had neither the independence nor the power necessary to make it, to any extent, representative of the people. A few facts will show the truth of what I say.

The island is divided up into twenty-two parishes, as they are called, each of which sends two, and Kingston, Spanishtown, and Port Royal, one additional delegate to the Assembly, making the aggregate forty-seven, when the house is full. Every member, before taking his seat, is required to swear that he and his wife together, if he have a wife, are worth a clear income of \$900 a year, from real estate, or that they own real estate worth \$9,000, or real and personal estate together worth about \$15,000; and when he gets his seat he is obliged to discharge its duties without any compensation. This, of course, throws the legislation, not only into the hands of the comparatively rich, but into the hands of the landholders, and excludes the poor.

Such discriminations, of course, are as pernicious as they are absurd, and have resulted, as any man of sense could have anticipated, and as was probably designed, in subordinating the interest of the commercial, mechanical and industrial classes to that of the large landholders. All the energies of legislation are exerted to promote the growth and sale of sugar and rum; but there is no party in the Assembly inquiring about the inexhaustible commercial and manufacturing resources of the island.

In spite of these conditions, imposed by law upon candidates applying for seats in the legislature, they might still possess some of the more important functions of a representative, if their constituency were free, and if the right of suffrage was liberally extended. But here again we find a characteristic distrust of poor men, and a truly English anxiety to guard the landholders. Every voter must own a freehold estate worth \$30, or pay a yearly rent on real estate of not less than \$140, or pay yearly taxes to the amount of \$15. The first consequence of these restrictions is, that the *people* of the island are not only ineligible to the legislature, but they have nothing to do with making a selection from those who are. I say people, for of course the great bulk of the adult population are poor; they are colored people who, only sixteen years ago, were with no considerable exception slaves. Of the 400,000 people who, according to the received estimate, constitute the present population of Jamaica, but 16,000 are white. The remaining 384,000 are colored and black people. A census, taken in 1844, fixed the proportions of these as follows: colored, 68,529; blacks, 293,128. The average vote of this entire population, white and black, I understand, has never exceeded 3,000—or, three-quarters per cent. The city of New York, with about the same population, usually polls over 50,000 votes, which is a smaller proportion probably than is polled in any other county in any free state of the Union.

But this is not all. When the legislature is chosen, it has no control over the questions of fundamental interest. The heart of its legislation beats in London, over which it has no more control than the finger nails have over the circulation of the blood. The island legislature can levy taxes

for local purposes; it must raise money to pay the officers sent out to rule over it; it can keep the highways in condition; it must support the established church; it may provide public instruction; it may establish a police; but even these powers it exercises subject to the approval of the queen or of Parliament. The organization of their local government, the appointments to fill the various executive offices, and the taxes payable upon imports and exports, are all matters with which the island legislature have nothing to do. But even in its local legislation I have not exhibited all its impotence.

The governor is vested with power "to adjourn, prorogue, or dissolve" the Assembly at his pleasure, and is invested with almost the entire patronage of the island, which is altogether controlling. Some notion of its extent may be formed from the following items, which have fallen under my observation. He appoints the vice-chancellor, with a salary of about \$12,500 a year; two assistant judges, with salaries of \$10,000 a year each; six chairmen of quarter sessions, at \$6,000 a year each; three revising barristers to canvass the votes of the island annually, at \$1,000 a year each; a commissioner of stamps, at 2,500 a year; three official assignees of insolvents, at \$2,500 a year each; nine water bailiffs to regulate the landing and discharge of vessels, with salaries at his discretion; seventeen health officers and an indefinite number of assistants, at undefined salaries; an agent-general of immigration, at a salary of \$1,500 a year; an inspector-general of police, at a discretionary compensation; an inspector-general of prisons, at a salary of \$3,000 a year; a superintendent at \$1,500; an auditor of accounts at \$2,000, and some fifty subordinate officers; and, finally, he has the extraordinary power of suspending any member of the council, and of appointing a new member in his place. This reminds me that I have not yet said anything of the third branch of the government.

The Council is the upper house of legislation in Jamaica, and is composed of twelve men appointed by the crown, of whom the lieutenant-governor, the chief-justice, the attorney-general and the bishop are *ex officio* members. All bills originate with the lower house, but they must pass the council before they go to the executive, or can become laws. Of course, nothing can pass this body, thus constituted and appointed, which is not perfectly satisfactory to the colonial minister; nor does anything ever pass it against the wishes of the governor. It is nominally a branch of the legislature, but in fact is nothing but a cabinet, or sort of privy council, with which the governor consults, and which he uses as a sort of breakwater between himself and the lower house. They are an independent legislative body upon questions in which the governor has no interest, but they are as impalpable, for all purposes of resistance to him, as his shadow.

From the illustrations here presented, it is apparent that the executive patronage reaches every point of influence and every interest worth conciliating or promoting on the island, and enables the governor practically to dictate its legislation.

I need hardly say that the deliberations of a body thus constituted and crippled, possess but little interest to strangers, and furnish a very narrow theatre for the display of oratory or statesmanship. The questions never involve any principle, and the discussions are never elaborate. Though the Assembly contains many gentlemen of talent and high

rank in their respective professions, they never find occasion to display it here. Their debates are quite as informal and colloquial as those of your board of aldermen, and their legislation disposes of far less considerable interests in the course of a year.

It is difficult to convey any satisfactory idea of the state of political parties here, for they can hardly be said to have any state. They are not arrayed upon any of the issues which classify the inhabitants of the mother country; upon the questions agitated in the British Parliament, in which they have any interest, they are for the most part agreed. Colonial assistance of any kind all desire, and all are hostile to free trade. The appointees of the present government have prudence enough not to proclaim their sentiments upon the house-tops, but even they do not disguise them at the fire-side. It is to free trade they ascribe their ruin, not to the abolition of slavery. I did not find a man upon the island, and I was assured by numbers perfectly informed upon the subject, that there was not in their opinion a man residing in Jamaica, who would restore slavery, if it was in his power. They say that if they only had the protection on the staples of the island which they enjoyed with slavery, they would prosper. It was the removal of that protection, added to the advanced price of labor, occasioned by the emancipation of slaves, which compelled them to surrender their accustomed markets to the cheaper slave-grown productions of Cuba and Brazil.

The party lines are most distinctly drawn here between what are known, the one as the "King's House," and the other, the Country Party—the former being the administration, and the latter the opposition parties. The prominent measure pending before them of a strictly party character is the retrenchment of salaries. The country party is composed mostly of the planters and large proprietors of land, who insist that in the present depressed and impoverished condition of the island it is impossible to pay the enormous salaries which were granted in the days of their prosperity. They say, and with reason, that forty thousand dollars a year is too much for a governor of four hundred thousand people, when the President of the United States, with twenty millions of subjects, receives only twenty-five thousand a year; that fifteen thousand dollars for a chief-justice of Jamaica, and ten thousand for each of his associates, is extravagant, when the chief-justice of the highest tribunal in the United States only gets six thousand dollars; and so on through a succession of salaries all proportionately enormous and equally unnecessary.

The administration party, on the other hand, say that none of those holding office find their compensation excessive; that a residence in a hot climate, and distant from home, deserves good salaries; that they accepted office under the present rate, and they have a vested interest in their salaries, which ought not to be violated. The country party, not satisfied with these reasons, introduced their bill. Of course, the council, from four or five of whom it would cut off an important moiety of their income, took good care that the bill did not pass. The country party sent a memorial to the minister for the colonies, requesting that the council might be reconstituted in a way to enable the public sentiment of the island to have fair expression. The memorial was thrown under the minister's table, and a speech about the colonies, from the premier in the House of Commons, full of sympathy and fig-

ures, was all the satisfaction which the memorialists obtained.

The country party then drew up a memorial to Parliament, setting forth the evils incident to the present organization of the council, and requesting that it may be changed in such a way as to prevent those members whose income a retrenchment bill would effect, from having the power to defeat its passage. This memorial has been the prominent party measure of the last session of the Assembly. Of course it was resisted by the administration with all their power. It passed, however, only two or three days since, by a large majority. It is to be sent to Lord Stanley, in the House of Lords, and to Mr. Roebuck, I think, in the House of Commons, who are expected to present it to those bodies, respectively, with a speech.

This has been the prominent question of the last session. If they could have carried their retrenchment bill, they would save, perhaps, fifty thousand dollars a year, scarcely more. Rather a small matter, one would suppose, to make such a pother about. And yet it is the most direct mode left to them of promoting their prosperity by legislation. A better illustration could not be desired, to show the utter impotence of this Assembly, and the overshadowing authority of the government.

The country party embrace most of the English planters. The colored people generally support the government. This surprised me at first, but I soon came to understand it. In the first place, English proprietors are the natural enemies of the operatives all the world over; in the next place, the government have felt the necessity of conciliating the colored men in Jamaica in every possible way, and hence it is that this part of the population fill at least nine tenths of all the offices. I think there has been a sincere desire felt by the heads of the government in England to have the blacks prosper and vindicate the philanthropic purpose which secured their liberty. This desire has largely increased the proportion of political appointments to be made from that class. But the political and physical strength of the blacks has become formidable, and if those people were to become thoroughly alienated from their allegiance, the island would very soon become uninhabitable to English people, and its commerce would be ruined.

From Morris and Willis' Home Journal.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"A song for our banner!"—The watchword recall

Which gave the republic her station;

"United we stand—divided we fall!"—

It made and preserves us a nation!

The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of states none can sever—

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the Flag of the Union forever

And ever!

The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,

And armed with republican thunder,

Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,

Have the power to conquer or sunder!

The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of states none can sever—

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the Flag of the Union forever

And ever!

The Flag of our Union forever!

From the Journal of Commerce.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON, ON LEAVING
HIS HOME FOR CALIFORNIA.

FAREWELL, my son, the hour has come,
The solemn hour when we must part ;
The hour that bears thee from thy home,
With sorrow fills thy father's heart.

Farewell, my son, thou leav'st behind
Thy mother, sisters, brothers dear,
And goest the far-off land to find,
Without one friend thy way to cheer.

Alone thou leav'st thy vine-clad cot,
Thy childhood's lawn, thy natal bowers ;
Sweet scenes, that ne'er can be forgot,
Where life has passed its sunniest hours.

When far away in distant lands,
Mid California's golden streams,
Where brightly shine those yellow sands,
Oft will "Sweet Home" come o'er thy dreams.

Thy father's counsels, prayers, and love,
Pursue thee through thy dangerous way
And at the mercy-seat above,
Implore his son may never stray

From that straight path where virtue guides
To purest, noblest joys on high,
Where God in holiness resides,
And springs perennial never dry.

Remember his omniscient eye
Beholds each devious step you take—
That you can ne'er his presence fly,
At home, abroad, asleep, awake.

On California's sea-beat shore,
Where the Pacific rolls his tide,
Where waves on waves eternal roar,
You cannot from his notice hide.

He holds you *there* upon his arm,
Encircled with his boundless might,
Preserves you safe from every harm,
'Mid brightest day and darkest night.

Let this great truth be deep impressed
Upon the tablets of thy heart—
Be cherished there within thy breast,
And from thy memory ne'er depart.

If strong temptations round you rise,
Where sin's deceitful smiles betray,
This *thought* will prompt you to despise
The course that leads the downward way.

When fascination spreads her charms,
But to allure, beguile, destroy,
Think, then, a father's faithful arms,
Are thrown around his wandering boy,

To keep him from the fatal snare
Spread to entrap his youthful feet,
And lead his heedless footsteps where
Pale ruin holds its gloomy seat.

What pangs must rend thy father's soul,
To find his counsels all are crossed,
Are set at nought, without control,
And his beloved son is lost!

Oh! think what mourning, anguish, grief,
Would bathe thy kindred all in tears,

That one dear youth, in life so brief,
Should cloud in night their future years.

Should those bright hopes that gild thy sky
And cast their splendors on the west,
Fade on thy sight, grow dim and die,
And heart sink down with gloom oppressed—

Should sickness chain thee to thy bed,
In California's distant land,
No brothers there to hold thy head,
Nor sister take thy trembling hand—

Just then, my son, that guardian Power,
Whose eye beholds the sparrow's fall,
He'll watch thee in that lonely hour,
Whose gracious care is o'er us all.

Then, if beneath the evening star,
Beside the great Pacific's wave,
Thou find'st an early tomb afar,
His grace will there thy spirit save.

Or if, upon thy safe return,
Thou find'st no more thy father here,
Pay one sad visit to his urn,
Drop on his dust one filial tear.

May God's rich blessings on thy head
Descend in showers of heavenly grace,
And keep you safe where'er you tread,
As we here end this fond embrace.

So live, my son, while here you stand
On time's bleak, ever-changing shore,
That we may reach that better land
Where sons and fathers part no more.
March 1st, 1849. J. D. G.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN.

BY MRS. TRAILL, AUTHOR OF THE "BACKWOODS
OF CANADA."

My children, would you knew the land,
The pleasant land—the free,
Where once a careless child I roved
O'er woodland, hill and lea!

There daisies lift their starry eyes
To greet you as you pass,
And there the sweet low violet blows
Unseen amid the grass.

And merry 't is at matin prime
The joyous lark to hear,
The blackbird with his bugle note
That singeth loud and clear;

The linnet and the mellow thrush,
"The lovelorn nightingale,"
That to the lonely ear of night
Telleth her mournful tale.

And sweet it is on Sabbath morn
The pealing bells to hear;
O, sweeter far than song of birds,
They tell us God is near!

And many a pleasant sight there is,
And pleasant sound to hear;
My children, 't is my native land—
O, would that we were there!

But oh! that loved, that blessed land
Thy mother ne'er will see;
Where the dark woods wave must be her grave,
'Neath the lonely hemlock tree.

LORD JEFFREY.

COMPILED FROM THE LONDON ATHENÆUM AND MORNING CHRONICLE, BY THE N. Y. EV. POST.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and "one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland," died at his seat called Craigerook, near Edinburgh, on Saturday the 26th of January, in his 67th year. His judicial appointment gave him what in Scotland is called the "paper title" of a lord—in other words, a title by courtesy, one not recognized by the heralds, nor conferring any distinction on his issue, but restricted to himself. He will, however, be best remembered by his early name of Mr. Jeffrey—or as Lord Campbell would have written, plain Francis Jeffrey.

Thirty years ago—or even forty—the death of Mr. Jeffrey would have been a much more important subject for comment and conversation than it is now in a ripe old age. No critic ever filled—for good or for evil—a more important position in the world of letters than Mr. Jeffrey filled uninterruptedly for seven-and-twenty years in the literature of the nineteenth century. Whenever the history of English literature shall be written, his name must always find a place; less prominent, it is true, than that which he occupied in his lifetime, but still one of distinction—not so much from the intrinsic value of his own contributions, as from the particular influence which his writings exercised on the public mind, and on the destinies, for a time, of some of our greatest poets.

The history of his life may be briefly told. He was the eldest son of George Jeffrey, Esq., one of the Court of Session in Scotland, by his wife, the daughter of a Mr. Loudoun, of Lanarkshire—and was born in Edinburgh, on the 23d of October, 1773. He was educated at the high school of his native city, and at Glasgow university, but completed his university education at Queen's college, Oxford. In 1794, he was called to the bar, where he soon became distinguished for the vigor of his eloquence and the wit and boldness of his invective. He attended debating clubs—spoke with readiness and knowledge; and with no other introduction than his own talents, formed the acquaintance, at the Speculative Society, of Sir Walter Scott, then a young man, busy with his "Minstrelsy," and of the Rev. Sydney Smith and Lord Brougham, both ardent for distinction in the church and at the bar. Acquaintanceship soon ripened into intimacy; and at a late supper, after a debate at the Speculative Society, the *Edinburgh Review* was projected by Smith, and approved of by Jeffrey and Lord Brougham. Assistants were soon found; and in October, 1802, appeared the first number of the new periodical, under the editorial care of the Rev. Sydney Smith—its original projector, as he is called by Lord Jeffrey, "and long," he adds, "its brightest ornament."

The success of the new review was beyond the expectation of its founders—and after a few num-

bers, beyond all precedent in publications of a similar nature. Nor is this to be wondered at when we look at the character and variety of its articles, and contrast its vigor and wit with the tame productions of any publication then at all approaching it in matter or in manner. The new review contained the views and thoughts, most fearlessly expressed, of a young and vigorous set of thinkers, on some of the most important subjects of the day, connected with politics, religion, jurisprudence, and literature. The writers flew at all kinds of game:—nor was it difficult to see from the first (what was indeed obvious afterwards) that the politics of the whig school gave a turn and color to the whole character of the Review. "The Review," said Jeffrey, "has but two legs to stand on; Literature, no doubt, is one of them—but its right leg is Politics."

Mr. Sydney Smith was the editor of the first three numbers; and would, no doubt, have continued his editorial care had not his views of promotion in the church called him away from Edinburgh to London. On Mr. Smith's retirement, Mr. Jeffrey took his place; which he continued to fill without interruption till late in the year 1829, when he was elected to the office of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates—a judicial appointment of distinction at the Scottish bar, hardly to be held, it was thought, in conjunction with the editorship of a party Review. He continued, however, to write occasionally, not on politics, it is understood, but on literary subjects, from which his judicial functions could not be held by any means to have excluded him.

His retirement from literature as a part of his profession gave him fresh opportunities of distinction in his original pursuit of the law, and in the line of politics to which he seems to have been especially partial. He was elected member of Parliament for his native city—was listened to in the house more for his reputation's sake, and for what he might say, than for anything that he said, or for his manner of delivery:—and soon growing weary of attendance even in a "reformed house," (to which he had so long looked forward, and which he had in a great measure contributed to bring about,) he asked from Lord Melbourne (1834) what he had long coveted—a seat on the Scottish Bench—received the appointment, and retired to Edinburgh and the beautiful scenery of Craigerook.

He is described by an intelligent biographer as excelling "in acuteness, promptness, and clearness in the art of stating, illustrating, and arranging—in extent of legal knowledge—in sparkling wit, keen satire, and strong and flowing eloquence." The same writer, quoting a contemporary critic, the author of "Sketches of the Scottish Bar," says: "Ever quick, but never boisterous nor pushing, Jeffrey wound his way, like an eel, from one bar to the other. If what he had to do was merely a matter of form, it was despatched in as few words as possible; generally wound up, when circumstances permitted, with

some biting jest. If a cause was to be formally argued, his bundle of papers was unloosed, his glass applied to his eye, and his discourse began, without a moment's pause. He plunged at once into the *mare magnum* of the question, confident that his train of argument would arrange itself in lucid order, almost without any exertion on his part. He possessed a most retentive memory, and could proceed from one subject to another at a moment's warning." The same writer quotes the following anecdote of Lord Jeffrey, in his professional character:—"As Mr. Jeffrey sat down one day, at the close of a long and argumentative speech, an attorney's clerk pulled him by the gown, and whispered in his ear, that a case in which he was retained had just been called on in the inner house. 'Good God!' said Jeffrey, 'I have heard nothing of the matter for weeks; and that trial has driven it entirely out of my head; what is it?'—The lad, in no small trepidation, began to recount some of the leading facts, but no sooner had he mentioned the first, than Jeffrey exclaimed, 'I know it,' and ran over, with the most inconceivable rapidity, all the details, and every leading case that bore upon them; and the speech he delivered on the occasion was the most powerful that ever fell from him."—"His oratory," the same writer says, "is not commanding; and it is like the frog striving to stretch itself to the size of the ox when he attempts to be impressive;" but once, indeed, says the writer before quoted, we remember an apostrophe, startling, nay commanding, from its native dignity and moral courage. A baronet having brought an action, in which, to gain his point, he had shown his disregard of all moral or honorable restraint, Mr. Jeffrey made the following observations on his conduct:—"My lords, there is no person who entertains a higher respect for the English aristocracy than I do, or who would be more loath to say anything which could hurt the feelings or injure the reputation of any one member of that illustrious body; but after all that we have this day heard, I feel myself warranted in saying [here he turned round, faced the plaintiff, who was immediately behind him, and fixing on him a cold, firm look, proceeded in a low determined voice] that Sir — has clearly shown himself to be a notorious liar and a common swindler."

A few further particulars of his life, in a notice brief as this must necessarily be, may not be thought unimportant. He was chosen, in 1821, lord rector of the university of Glasgow; was twice married, first to the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. Andrew's—and, secondly, to the daughter of Charles Wilkes, Esq., of New York, grand-niece of the famous Wilkes "and liberty." Let us add, (what future ages will no doubt care to know,) that he was swarthy in countenance, and diminutive in stature.

Lord Jeffrey is to be looked on as an editor and as an author, not as a Dean of Faculty or even as a Judge. "Envy must own" that he conducted

the Edinburgh Review with admirable tact and skill—and that he showed great judgment as to the writers whom he brought about him. He was well supported by men like Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, Brougham, Horner, Allen, and Hazlitt. His subjects were well chosen for the time, and generally maintained consistent principles, both in politics and in taste; but his great object, it should not be concealed, was to attract attention and to draw readers. We are not, however, to tax him with all the editorial errors of the Review. Let us remember his own apologetical defence to Sir Walter Scott, that he was "a feudal monarch, who had but slender control over his greater barons, and really could not prevent them from occasionally waging little private wars upon griefs or resentments of their own."

Lord Jeffrey's position as editor led him now and then into more than one unpleasant quarrel. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, seldom spoke of him except in terms of hatred and contempt; and his memorable duel at Chalk Farm, in 1806, with Mr. More, partly occasioned by a clever application of a passage in Spenser to Tom Little's Poems, will long be remembered by the "Little's leadless pistol" of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and the contemporary epigram which ends,

They only fire blank cartridge in Reviews.

The quarrels with the Lake School were never made up; but the author of Little's Poems, and the editor of the Edinburgh Review, were afterwards reconciled, and the critic even courted by a friendly dedication.

The great defect in Lord Jeffrey's editorship of the Edinburgh Review was his short-sightedness in appreciating the merits of Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others. He praised Scott for a time—but a cold notice of "Marmion" threw the future novelist into the arms of the Quarterly Review. The criticism on the "Hours of Idleness," though attributed to Mr. Jeffrey at the time, was, as is well known, written by Lord Brougham. Jeffrey himself afterwards praised Byron, and the noble poet was not ungrateful to the critic; witness his "Don Juan"—

All our little feuds, at least all mine,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine,
To make such puppets of us things below.)
Are over: here's a health to "Auld lang sayne!"
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it, from my soul.

We cannot say of Byron, on this occasion, what has been said with propriety of another great satirist of our nation, that he was wanton in his attack and mean in his retreat. Mr. Jeffrey, in his capacity as editor, had given the young and noble poet great ground of provocation; and the satirist repaid censure with ferocious scorn—as afterwards he did praise from the same quarter with appropriate panegyric.

We are now to look on Lord Jeffrey as an author:—and it is somewhat singular, we may observe, of one who has written so much, that he is not an author in any other sense than as a critic in a Review. This cannot be said of any of his leading associates, or of any of the opposition writers in the *Quarterly*—or, indeed, of any other writer who has exercised one half the influence in literature that Mr. Jeffrey possessed. His legal as well as his editorial duties must, it is true, have left him very little time for anything else; and we are not, perhaps, to suppose that he was without the ambition of being an author, or that he wanted leisure for the consideration of any subject of importance. We may attribute more justly his not appearing as an author in his own person to an unwillingness to endanger his high reputation by the production of a separate work, and to some fear of the “wounded great” who were ready to attack him on all sides and with every kind of weapon. He is, therefore, to be judged by the four volumes of his “*Essays*,” or contributions to the Review, which he was induced to collect and revise in the year 1843. These volumes, he tells us, form less than a third of what he wrote in the Review; but they, no doubt, embrace his best productions—those, in short, by which he was willing to stand. His friends would have made a somewhat different selection; one that would have represented the history of his mind and opinion—and that would have thrown more light on the history of critical judgment in this country than can be gathered from his volumes as they at present stand.

It is much to his praise as a man, though little to his early discernment as a critic, that the bitter reviews of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others, were excluded from his “*Collected Essays*,” while his eulogies on his favorite poets, Campbell, Crabbe, and Rogers, were one and all admitted. He had outlived the resentment or impetuosity of youth with which they were written, as the great writers themselves had outlived the injury which their injustice had done to them; to have inserted them would therefore have only been renewing an unprofitable contest—and connecting his name even more lastingly than it is likely to be with the great names of the writers whose hostility he both courted and incurred.

These “*Essays*,” it must be confessed—and we have just risen from a reperusal of some of the best—are not very remarkable productions. They are little distinguished for subtlety of opinion, nicety of disquisition, or even for beauty of style. Though printed uniformly with the contributions to the same Review of Sydney Smith and Mr. Macaulay, they have not made the same impression on the public mind, nor been read with the same avidity. So that, while the *Essays* of Mr. Smith and Mr. Macaulay are now in fourth editions, the public have been content till very recently with a single impression of Lord Jeffrey. Yet his “*Essays*” will more than repay perusal. His paper on Swift is the best eluci-

dation of the dean's character that we have yet received:—while his articles on Penn and the Quakers exhibit qualities of mind not easily to be found in authors of even greater celebrity.

One of the last acts of Lord Jeffrey's life was to write a long, and, as we hear, a beautiful letter of thanks to the widow of the Rev. Sydney Smith for the copy of Sydney Smith's Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution and privately printed by his widow. Lord Jeffrey, it will be remembered, dedicates his “*Essays*” to his friend Smith.

A TESTIMONY CONCERNING WILLIAM PENN.

FROM THE MONTHLY MEETING FOR BERKSHIRE, HELD AT READING, ENGLAND, 31ST OF FIRST MONTH, 1719.

OUR friend, WILLIAM PENN, departed this life at his home at Ruscomb, in the county of Berks, on the 30th of the fifth month, 1718; and his body was conveyed thence the 7th of the sixth month following, to Friends' Burying Ground at Jordan, in the county of Berks, when he was honorably interred, being accompanied by many friends and others from distant parts.

And being a member of our Monthly Meeting at Reading, at the time of his decease, and for some years before, we can do no less than, in giving the foregoing account, say something of the character of so worthy a man; and not only refer to other meetings, where his residence was in former times, who were witnesses of the great self-denial he underwent in the prime of his youth, and the patience with which he bore many a heavy cross—but also think it our duty to cast in our mite to set forth, in part, his deserved commendation. He was a man of great abilities—of an excellent sweetness of disposition, quick of thought, and of ready utterance; full of the qualifications of true discipleship, even love without dissimulation; as extensive in charity as comprehensive in knowledge, and to whom malice and ingratitude were utter strangers; so ready to forgive enemies, that the ungrateful were not excepted. Had not the management of his temporal concerns been attended with some deficiencies, envy itself would have to seek for matter of accusation; and even in charity, that part of his conduct may be attributed to a peculiar sublimity of mind. Notwithstanding which, without flattering his character, he may be ranked among the learned, the good, and the great, whose abilities are sufficiently manifested throughout his elaborate writings, which are so many lasting monuments of his admired qualifications, and are the esteem of learned and judicious men among all persuasions. And though in old age, by reason of some shocks of a violent distemper, his intellect was much impaired, yet his sweetness and loving disposition surmounted its utmost effects, and remained when reason almost failed.

In fine, he was learned without vanity—apt, without forwardness—facetious in conversation, yet weighty and serious—of an extraordinary greatness of mind, yet void of the stain of ambition—as free from rigid gravity as he was clear of unseemly levity—a man, a scholar, a friend—a minister surpassing in speculative endowments—whose memorial will be valued by the wise, and blessed with the just.

Signed in behalf, and on appointment of said meeting.

WILLIAM LAMBOLE, Clerk.

From the Home Journal.

THE LIFE-BOOK.

Write, mother, write!

A new, unspotted book of life before thee,

Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages

The first few characters; to live in glory,

Or live in shame through long, unending ages!

Write, mother, write!

Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter;

The lot is on thee—nerve thee then with care;

A mother's tracery time may never alter—

Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.

Write, mother, write!

Write, father, write!

Take thee a pen plucked from an eagle's pinion,

And write *immortal actions* for thy son;

Teach him that man forgets man's high dominion,

Creeping on earth, leaving great deeds undone.

Write, father, write!

Leave on his Life-book a fond father's blessing,

To shield him 'mid temptation, toil, and sin,

And he shall go to glory's field, possessing

Strength to contend and confidence to win.

Write, father, write!

Write, sister, write!

Nay, shrink not, for a sister's love is holy!

Write words the angels whisper in thine ears;

No bud of sweet affection, howe'er lowly,

But planted here will bloom in after years.

Write, sister, write!

Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing;

For manhood's lot is sterner far than ours;

He may not pause—he must be up and doing,

Whilst thou art idly dreaming among flowers.

Write, sister, write!

Write, brother, write!

Strike a bold blow upon these kindred pages;

Write, shoulder to shoulder, brother, we will go;

Heart linked to heart, though wild the conflict rages,

We will defy the battle and the foe.

Write, brother, write!

We who have trodden boyhood's paths together,

Beneath the summer's sun and winter sky,

What matter if life bring us some foul weather?

We may be stronger than adversity!

Write, brother, write!

Fellow-immortal, write!

One God reigns in the heavens—there is no other,

And *all mankind are brethren*; thus 't is spoken,

And whose aids a sorrowing, struggling brother

By kindly word, or deed, or friendly token,

Shall win the favor of our heavenly Father,

Who judges evil and rewards the good,

And who hath linked the race of man together

In one vast, universal brotherhood!

Fellow-immortal, write!

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

BY THE REV. DR. CROLY.

I WAS in the hand of God;

Born upon the rushing gale,

On a visioned mount I trod,

Gazing o'er a boundless vale—

Far as the eye could glance, 't was spread

With the remnants of the dead.

Sons of the captivity,

Prince and peasant, warrior, slave,

There lay naked to the sky—

'T was a ruined nation's grave;

Death sat on his loneliest throne

In that wilderness of bone.

Morn arose and twilight fell,

Still the bones lay bleached and bare;

Midnight brought the panther's yell

Bounding through his human lair,

Till above the world of clay,

Ages seemed to wear away.

On my spirit came a sound

Like the gush of desert springs

Bursting o'er the burning ground—

"Prophet of the King of kings,

Shall not Israel live again?—

Shall not these dry bones be men?"

Then I stood and prophesied,

"Come together, bone to bone."

Sudden as the stormy tide,

Thick as leaves by tempest strown,

Heaving o'er the mighty vale,

Shook the remnants cold and pale!

Flesh to flesh was clinging now;

There was seen the warrior limb,

There was seen the princely brow—

But the stately eye was dim;

Mailed in steel, or robed in gold,

All was corpse-like, all was cold.

Then the voice was heard once more—

"Prophet, call the winds of heaven!"

As along the threshing-floor

Chaff before the gale is driven,

At the blast, with shout and clang,

On their feet the myriads sprang!

Flashed to heaven the visioned shield,

Whirlwind, axe, and lightning sword,

Crushing on a bloody field

Syria's chariots, Egypt's horde,

Till on Zion's summit shone

Israel's angel-guarded throne.

Then the vision swept away;

Thunders rolled o'er earth and heaven.

Like the thunders of the day

When earth's pillars shall be riven.

Hear I not the rushing wings?

Art thou coming? King of kings!

From the Episcopal Recorder.

They were lovely and pleasant in their lives.

2 SAMUEL I. 23.

I HAVE seen those who 'neath a varying sky

'Together plucked life's flowers; together trod,

Sometimes, upon its thorns; but lived in God,

Reading his daily lessons eye to eye

And heart to heart. *He* built their little ark:*He* of its pure love was the holy light;

That love which was their strength when skies

were bright,

But oh! how much—much more when skies

were dark!

Then deeper far their spirit-life became;

And, (but that angels walk not through the flame

Of purifying sorrow,) ye might say

They loved as angels. O! shall such be riven

In an immortal world? Can Memory

Of tie like *this* on earth, perish for aye in heaven?

A. W. M.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE NEW ENGLAND FLAG.

MANY of our readers will remember the anniversary meeting of the New England Society in 1847, somewhat distinguished for a heterogeneous collection of persons and things; and possibly some of them have not forgotten a flag, then first exhibited as the exact copy of the original flag used by the Puritan settlers. An eastern paper, in alluding to the exhibition, after describing the banner, including its significant device, (the Cross,) refers to "some old Dutch records," as authority for its adoption by the society as the ancient flag of New England, and adds, "that its origin and history, Mr. G. W. Moore (the able librarian and historical scholar) has not been very fully able to ascertain, but is in pursuit of further information on the subject," justly premising that "the history of so scientific a device would be interesting." Though some of our down-easters were rather incredulous as to the authenticity of the banner attributed to their ancestors, we have waited patiently for Mr. Moore's history of the "scientific device," when he should be "very fully able to ascertain it." Others, combining the incidents which distinguished the convivial meeting of 1847, that is, the presence of Bishop Hughes, and the exhibition of the banner with the cross, presumed that it was only intended as a harmless compliment to their distinguished guest. Though well enough in 1847, it was not supposed the adjuncts of that dinner, the cross, the Catholic priests, and the champagne, were seriously intended to illustrate the principles or the manners of the New Englanders of the seventeenth century.

Those, however, who know Mr. Moore, will not admit that he, without credible authority, could be induced to adopt any suggested novelty as an historical fact, and such are somewhat impatient to learn what new evidence has justified the exhibition of this "scientific device," again and yet again, "until there is danger of its becoming a fixed fact" that the cross was the veritable device adopted by the Pilgrims of New England to distinguish their flag.

In looking into the history of our first settlers, as given by contemporary narrators, we must admit that we find but little to corroborate the evidence of "the Dutch record," or to justify the conclusion that "the cross," even that of St. George in the king's colors, was held in any peculiar veneration by the Puritans. It certainly became a fruitful topic for discussion and dissension among them, soon after the settlement of Boston. From Winthrop's journal, we may infer that the colors of England were in use by the colonists until the year 1634. On the 5th November of that year, Winthrop writes, that a complaint was made to the Court of Assistants, "by some of the country, that the ensign at Salem was defaced, viz., one part of the red cross taken out. Upon this, an attachment was awarded against Richard Davenport, ensign bearer, to appear at the next court. Much matter was made of this, as fearing it would

be taken as an act of rebellion, or of like high nature, in defacing *the king's colors*; though the truth were, it was done upon the opinion, that *the red cross* was given to the King of England by the Pope, as an ensign of victory, and so a superstitious thing, and a relique of anti-Christ." On the 27th of the same month, "the assistants met at the governor's to advise about defacing of the cross in the ensign at Salem, when (taking the advice of some of the ministers) we agreed to write to Mr. Downing in England, of the truth of the matter, under all our hands, that, if occasion were, he may show it in our excuse; for therein we expressed our dislike of the thing, and our purpose to punish the offenders, yet *with as much wariness as we might*, being doubtful of the lawful use of the cross in an ensign, &c." On the 4th March following, a general court was held at Newtown. Mr. Hooker preached, and as he soon after wrote a tract in defence of the cross and in censure of Mr. Endicott, we may infer that he took the same ground in this discourse. Mr. Endicott was now "called to answer for defacing the cross in the ensign; but, because the court could not agree about the thing, whether the ensigns should be laid by, in regard that many refused to follow them, the whole cause was deferred till the next general court; and the commissioners for military affairs gave order, in the mean time, that all the ensigns should be laid aside, &c." At the next general court and election, held in May, 1635, the magistracy of "*tender consciences*" were laid aside, and men of mere "*enlightened consciences*" chosen in their places. John Haynes was chosen governor—Mr. Ludlow and Mr. Endicott were left out of the magistracy. Dummer, Coddington, and John Winthrop, jun., were among the assistants chosen. At this court a committee of one from a town was chosen by the people, who, with some chosen by the magistrates, were instructed to consider of Mr. Endicott's offence, and the censure due to it, and to certify to the court. They "found his offence to be great, viz., rash and without discretion, &c., giving authority for the *State of England* to think ill of us, for which they adjudged him worthy admonition, and to be disabled for one year from bearing any public office; declining any heavier sentence, because they were persuaded he did it out of tenderness of conscience, and not of any evil intent," &c. The decision on the main question of cross or no cross, was not had at this court but referred to the next. In the mean time came over Hugh Peters and Henry Vane, distinguished for their "*tenderness of conscience*," and readiness to battle against any or all the "*reliques of anti-Christ*" and their apologists. The king's colors were no longer tolerated. An English ship coming into port was compelled by the lieutenant of the fort to strike her flag, "*which the master took as a great injury, and complained to the magistrates, who gave him satisfaction by compelling the lieutenant to acknowledge his error, &c., no colors being at that time abroad on the fort.*" Governor Haynes, Mr. Hooker, and asso-

ciates, now left Massachusetts, to establish their colony on the Connecticut, where they might find "more room to experiment on the science of government." The magistrates and elders who succeeded with the new governor, Vane, were, however, forced into a concession, allowing the king's colors to be displayed at the fort; protesting, according to Winthrop, "that for our part, we were fully persuaded that the cross in the ensign was idolatrous, and might not set it in our ensign; but because the fort was the king's, and maintained in his name, we thought that his own colors might be spread there." It does not appear that the use of the king's colors by the military of Massachusetts was resumed until 1684, when, by order of the major-general, the captains of companies were required, "with all convenient speed," to provide a suite of colors for their respective commands, "*y* ground field or flight whereof is to be *green*, with a *red cross* with a *white field* in *y* angle, according to the ancient custom of our own English nation, and the English plantations in America, and our own practice in our ships and other vessels." The scruple against the use of the king's colors, however, still continued in many minds. Judge Samuel Sewall was, in 1685, captain of the south company of militia in Boston. In his diary, under date of August 20, 1686, he writes: "Read tenth Jeremiah; was in great exercise about the cross to be put into the colors and afraid, if I should have a hand in it, whether it may not hinder my entrance into the holy land." On the 11th November, 1686, he resigned his commission, "on account of an order to put the cross in the colors."

From Noah's Weekly Messenger.

DEAF SMITH.

THE CELEBRATED TEXAN SPY.

ABOUT two years after the Texan revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and horrors of civil war. Briefly, the cause was this: The constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the president to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanches frequently committed ravages within sight of the capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the state records to the latter place, which he declared to be, *pro tempore*, the seat of government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this fiat raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding-houses, groceries, and faro-banks, were thunder-struck, maddened to frenzy; for the measure would be a death-blow to the prosperity in business; and accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing

the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized a company of four hundred men, one moiety of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the state-house until the peril passed by. The commander of this force was one Colonel Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonist nearly to pieces with the bowie knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for revenge, as well as courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, so soon as he should learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity fully equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boastful threats. He swore that if the president did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then himself hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or waylay him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic brevity:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall certainly come and take them; and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap."

On the reception of this answer, the guard was doubled around the state-house. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the city hall. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission there at all; but climbing unseen a small bushy-topped live oak, which grew beside the wall, he leaped without sound or warning through a lofty window. He was clothed altogether in buckskin, carried a long and very heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the button of his left suspender a large bowie knife, and had in his leathern belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motions, with dark complexion and luxuriant jetty hair, with a severe, iron-like countenance, that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of intense, vivid black, wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side-arms.

"Who are you, that thus presumes to intrude among gentlemen, without invitation?" demanded Colonel Morton, ferociously essaying to cowl down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long, bony finger on his lip, as

a sign—but of what, the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak! or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage by the cool, sneering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip, and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery colonel then drew his dagger, and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught him and held him back, remonstrating.

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake. Do you not perceive that he is crazy?"

At the moment Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward, and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner:

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting, where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words, but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the centre of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line: "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper, and wrote a question. "Dear sir, will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter inscribed on the back, "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston, and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision."

SAM. HOUSTON."

After the reading, the deaf man waited a few seconds, as if for a reply, and then turned and was about to leave the hall, when Colonel Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger penned his reply: "I am at your service!"

Morton wrote again: "Who will be your second?"

The stranger rejoined: "I am too generous to seek an advantage; and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore I never need the aid of a second."

Morton penned: "Name your terms."

The stranger traced, without a moment's hesitation: "Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; and distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time!"

He then took three steps across the floor, and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible, Colonel Morton, that you intend to fight that man? He is a mute, if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will sadly tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton, with a smile; "that mute is a hero, whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the president to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he? Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton, coolly.

"Why no; that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There, again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, in whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since."

"If what you say be true, you are a madman yourself!" exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Camanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards!"

"Say no more," answered Colonel Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have already agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and, if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater glory!"

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Towards evening a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting; and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result. At length the red orb of the summer sun touched the curved rim of the western horizon, covering it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long, ponderous rifles, took their station, back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily off in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had measured fifty. They both completed the given number about the same instant, and then they wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast betwixt them. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile it bore had a most murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless as ever. A side-view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast-iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoke-tinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Colonel Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and then, having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards General Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten more men, appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the state papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing anecdote

dote was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some two years ago; but although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain either the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography. When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lip; and if pressed more urgently his brow writhed, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire! He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation; and although denied the exquisite pleasure and priceless advantages of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation, by an eye quick and far-seeing as an eagle's, and a smell keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far-off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky; and the rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He could never be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to use a tent-cloth. Wrapped in his blanket he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars, or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent on solitary excursions for weeks and even months together in the wilderness. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of the earth his friends, and entered by the heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven! Wherever there was land or water, barren mountains or tangled brakes of wild waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul! he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars which were his night lamps; and he hath either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word, "life." He is dead; therefore let his errors rest in oblivion, and his virtues be remembered with hope.

PROPOSED EDITION OF THE BIBLE IN 1782.

ABOUT the close of the Revolution, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Lyman, of Hatfield, Mass., wrote, in behalf of the Association to which he belonged, to the ministers of Boston, making suggestions respecting the publication of an edition of the Holy Scriptures. The following letter, written in reply, in the name of the associated ministers of Boston, has been handed us for publication. It presents the printing resources of Boston, at that day, in singular contrast with those of the present time.

Boston, April 2d, 1782.

"REV. SIR,—I have communicated your letter

to the associated ministers in this town, and they are unanimously of the opinion that the measure your Association have proposed, for an impression of the Bible, will not answer. And for these reasons: All the printers in town put together have not types sufficient for such an impression; and if they had, proper paper, in quantity, is not to be procured but by sending for it to Europe. Besides, if there was a sufficiency both of type and paper, the Bibles could not possibly be sold so cheap as those that are imported from abroad. Moreover, an impression could not be completed within two years as it must be a very large one, and would not be for the advantage either of the printers or buyers of the books, if the number were less than twenty or thirty thousand. Furthermore, there is not the least reasonable prospect the General Court would be at the expense of such an impression of the Bible, as they are so greatly in debt.

I would yet add, I have spoken with some of our printers and booksellers, who concur with the ministers in town in their opinion upon your proposed measure; and say, further, that Bibles are now imported from Holland, and more may daily be expected.

I should have written before now, but that I knew of no opportunity of sending to you. And I know of none at present, but think it proper to have a letter in readiness to be sent, whenever I can hear of a way to send it.

I am, in the name of our Association here,

Your humble servant,

CHARLES CHAUNCEY.

Rev. Mr. Joseph Lyman.

N. Y. Observer.

RECOLLECTION OF COLERIDGE.—I have been out at Coleridge's. He is a little, clerical-looking man, but common in appearance, rather poor, indeed, and without mark in the figure and face, except that he has most uncommonly snowy hair; it is perfectly white, and long, but does not wave, which prevents its having much effect. His look is not especially poetic. The moment he is seated, as has been said, he begins to talk, and on it goes, flowing and full, almost without even what might be called paragraphic division, and leaving colloquy out of the question entirely. He talked of the effect Italy had upon himself, and wandered on about the Italian painters and poets. I mentioned my drawings from the Ancient Mariner, and he expressed his very favorable opinion of them. I recollect, upon calling, Mrs. Gilman requested me not to sit above half an hour, for Mr. Coleridge was unable to stand fatigue, and was apt, forgetting time, to talk too long. "The old man eloquent" received me very kindly. His eye shone in tears as he spoke. He shook me kindly by the hand at parting, and hoped, if he lived, to see me again.—*Memoir of David Scott, R. S. A.*

BEAUTIFUL IGNORANCE.—A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, I see it gets whiter and whiter."

From the Examiner, 19th Jan.

THE RUSSIAN LOAN.

MR. COBDEN'S prediction has been verified. After one campaign Russia is resorting to a loan. Hungary has been laid waste, the traditional liberties of its people have been violently suppressed, its defenders butchered in the field, its patriots murdered by judicial sentence, and now the instruments of these iniquities clamor for their wages, which we, says Mr. Cobden, are called on to supply. This is true, but not the whole truth. The loan is undoubtedly intended to fill up the hiatus occasioned by the temporary appropriation, to the prosecution of the Hungarian war, of revenues raised with difficulty to meet the current expenditure of government. For there is no one, we take it, even in the proverbially credulous class of lenders upon foreign security, so simple as to believe in the application of these proposed funds to the completion of the Moscow railway, which, together with the Neva bridge, has for years past played in Russian finance the same part as the cat in the domestic economy of private families in this metropolis. Begun before thousands of miles of railway long since in operation in other countries had been even thought of, it is now, however tardily, too near its completion to require the pretended outlay. But what we have stated as the object of this loan is not the whole truth, nor the worst feature of it. Strong grounds exist for the belief that it has reference as direct to a desolating future as to a sanguinary past. If its object were only to recruit exhausted strength, and, in proposing it, Russia afforded evidence, that, like the offending wasp, it had parted even for a season with its sting, the friends of progress might find some consolation in that reflection; whilst those who mistake for the quietude of order that explosive silence of elements which brute force precariously represses, and who are willing to purchase this dangerous quietude at any price, might repose in the belief that it had really been attained. But there is every reason to infer that these funds are required not merely to cover the deficiencies occasioned by a past campaign, but to nerve Russia for another, which will inevitably this time involve ourselves in expenditure and war, unless we be prepared to abandon Turkey to its fate—a supposition which the unanimous expression of opinion on a recent occasion shows to be inadmissible.

Russia, if it succeed in filling up the gap occasioned by its Hungarian expedition, will possess the same financial resources in crossing over the Danube as when traversing the Carpathians.

Beyond that river, the belief is almost as universal in the southernward advance of Russia in the spring, as the conviction entertained on this side of the channel as to the continuance of peace. If we pause to examine what is passing in Turkey and the Danubian principalities, many indications are discernible that this is conditionally the intent of Russia. And the conditions determining the execution or postponement of that aggression may not unreasonably be supposed to be the failure or

success of her attempted loan. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about the decay of the Ottoman Empire, and the prostration of its remaining strength through the abolition of old institutions and the abortive nature of its attempt to establish new, Turkey has sincerely and steadily, if partially, progressed in its reforms. The momentary weakness they occasioned has been succeeded by a real increase of strength. The unwilling regulars, by which her brave but insubordinate hordes were ill-replaced, have been transmuted into a force formidable and disciplined. These troops are under such control, the Ottoman rule is now so mild, that last year the Wallachians, whose territory Russian and Turkish armies conjointly occupied, made a revolution to abolish serfdom and in favor of the exclusive protectorate of the Porte. Russia interfered to reestablish serfdom, and this step has deeply injured the interest she had cultivated with the co-religionary populations of Bulgaria, which is still a Turkish province, and of Serbia, which, nominally Turkish, but practically independent, is rich, warlike, influential with its Slavonic neighbors, and was until recently devoted to Russian interests.

Russia had counted on the gradual extinction of the Ottoman strength, and on the enthusiastic coöperation of the Turkish Christians. But Turkey is recovering vigor. The Moldo-Wallachians, who have tasted, are disgusted with, the Russian rule; while the Serbians begin to suspect and dread it, and watch obviously to let events determine whether they shall pursue an independent or a Russian line of policy.

The *Daily News*, in some excellent articles, has been recently throwing much light on this Serbian question, which is, in fact, that of the integrity of the Porte.

The attitude of the Russian representative at Belgrade, his arrogant assumption in taking precedence of the reigning prince before the whole population, his residence in the best quarters, in the house of the chief minister, his attempt to urge the Serbians to some overt act against the Porte, the check his influence received through the firmness of the latter on the question of extradition and the appearance of the British fleet, the subsequent rebellion of the minister against his pretensions, and the determination of the Serbs to open a trade with the west, and purchase British cloths; are remarkable indications of the real weakness of Russia in this quarter. On the other hand, the revival of Russian influence, through the concessions of the Porte in detaining the Hungarian refugees and expelling a portion of the Poles, (a revival evidenced by the immediate appointment to the ministry of the most abject of the Russian tools, and by the declaration of the prince that no Serbian should be sent for education anywhere but to Russia,) may serve sufficiently to indicate the impolicy of our apathetic tone recently taken in this matter, and of the dangers which menace Turkey from any appearance of weak-

ness. But one thing is certain. Nothing can be more precarious than the nature of the influence of Russia, over populations whose sympathies she has cultivated, to effect the disintegration of the empire which it is her ambition to absorb.

The Emperor Nicholas, inflated by success, may not choose to trust to our continued apathy for the slow but sure undermining of Turkey, and may be on the point of striking impatiently, upon the principle that it is "*now or never.*" The threatening attitude of his armies, and the position which, according to the last accounts, they have taken up in Wallachia, which they occupy in defiance of treaties, and under the pretext of its unsettled state, strongly favor this presumption. If the sinews of war, and means of corruption more extensive, are furnished by this country, a similar pretext will not be wanting for more extended occupation, till the moment shall arrive when, the mask thrown off, the appropriation of the Danubian provinces, or a more adventurous advance, will bring Russia at last into direct collision with England.

It is argued that any attempt to make the lender responsible for the purposes to which his money is devoted, is an impertinent interference with the rights of commercial dealing, and the appeal of Mr. Cobden to the moral sense of the country has been parodied by applying his denunciation of the Russian loan to that of the United States, for defraying the expenses of the war with Mexico.

But public opinion should and does, in certain cases, control the disposal of capital, and prevent its devotion to purposes of infamy or danger. No one would be allowed to propose investment in a slave-trade or a gaming-house speculation, though both were legalized in the country from which the proposal came; and if a loan had been attempted in this country to succor the Afghans with arms, or to complete the equipment of the Sikhs, capitalists would have been compelled to manifest their dissent more decidedly than by an increased percentage of the funds demanded. There exist, we are aware, admirers of the principle upon which the Dutch sold powder to our men-of-war employed in battering their cities; upon which the Dey, threatened with the bombardment of his capital, inquired the expenditure it would involve, and offered to destroy it himself for half the money; and in pursuance of which a United States man is alleged to have sold, during the late war, eighty thousand States' flint locks to the Mexicans, receiving from his government the usual facilities for payment. But in all these cases it is obvious that only that was proposed or done, which, if left undone, would have been effected by another; and this consideration (though we deny the justice of the parallel and consequently the point of the parody) applies equally to the American and Russian loans. America does not ask us, or at least depend exclusively upon us, for the funds she raises; whilst Russia can nowhere else obtain them.

The case, therefore, stands thus. There are three parties besides the czar interested in this loan, which he can make nowhere but in England; the populations of Eastern Europe, the British community at large, and speculating capitalists in particular. Considering the interests of the first, and supposing they will but distantly affect us, we may be content that our moneyed resources should be poured out to enable Russia to perpetuate its desolating rule. But with reference to what in that case will sooner or later befall the second, ought the problematical gains of a few to be allowed to drag the whole community into eventual expenditure and war? And, lastly, are the unscrupulous participants in the proposed transaction themselves well assured that their money will be more secure than the "unreturning" millions poured into South America and Spain? We think not. The United Statesman sold his muskets to the Mexicans, alleging that if he had not supplied them England would, and "because he calculated that they would soon be recovered by the victorious armies of the States," a prediction verified by the event. To the subscribers of the Russian loan we can promise no such fortune as that; their capital, once parted with, is not very likely to be recovered by any contingency of either peace or war. The prospectus ushered into the world by the great house of Baring promises reimbursement of these advances within fifty years. But who that is conversant with the politics of Eastern Europe, who that saw the Austrian empire and Prussian kingdom immutably propped up by bayonets in 1847 and revolutionized in '48, can feel sure but that long before fifty years, perhaps before fifty months, have elapsed, even Russian despotism may be only a tradition? Who that knows the feelings of the Russian people can believe that they would, in such a case, acknowledge any debt their autocracy had made? And, finally, what speculator, who did not intend to palm his bargain on another, would, even with doubled advantages held out, advance a single shilling to Russia with the knowledge that it was to be devoted to a warlike purpose? Yet to the conclusion that such is its intent we feel convinced that a due investigation of the Turkish question would as irresistibly incline our readers as ourselves.

From the Spectator, 19 Jan.

GERMANY.

THE revolution of March, 1848, has wrought extensive and permanent changes in Germany. The territorial divisions and the political institutions of all the states remain substantially as they were before; but in each of them the representative system has been more or less modified, and each has had its relations to the rest of the confederation materially altered. The successes of the princes and their armies have not reestablished them in their old positions. The German rulers find that the hurricane which has passed over has

left them amid the ruins of their former power, to reconstruct the edifice as they best may out of the readiest materials at hand.

Austria is busy devising constitutions for each of the nations subject to the imperial sceptre, and a central organization to make the federate kingdoms move harmoniously in one system. The King of Prussia and his people are squabbling about the division of power in a new unitarian constitution, not quite completed. The secondary states are either employed in constitution-tinkering, or undergoing a succession of ministerial crises and parliamentary dissolutions, according as the popular or the princely power gains a momentary advantage. No one political institution is at this moment regarded in Germany as definitively settled; nothing but *interim* arrangements are to be met with.

The general organization of confederated Germany is the most unsettled of all. The old diet has disappeared; and the vicar of the empire, and the national assembly or Frankfort parliament, have already followed it to the tomb of all the Capulets. In their stead is to be seen the shadow of an *interim* executive at Frankfort, and the shadow thrown before it, by a parliament yet to be elected, at Erfurt. The interim commission of the confederation is composed of two Austrian and two Prussian ministers; whose sole function appears to be that of thwarting, counteracting, or undermining each other. The commissioners disagree in the views they take of the source, nature, and extent of their power; they disagree in their views as to the authority that will be entitled to call upon them to make place for it; they are not recognized, or are only recognized under reservations, by the secondary and minor German states; and, worst of all, they have no money. As for the parliament *in posse*, it is admitted on all hands that it will represent, not Germany, but only the populations of the territories subject to the three allied sovereigns and such princes as shall adhere to them; and how many these may be, or whether even the three will remain true to the league, remains to be seen.

Amid the inorganic heavings and commotions of this political chaos, the most conspicuous and widely felt is the contest between Prussia and Austria. The old struggle between the houses of Hapsburg-Lorraine and Hohenzollern, which began when the first Frederick placed a kingly crown on his head with his own electoral hands, is still in progress. The Austrian monarch is still ambitious of exercising over Germany the power which the Emperor Francis renounced when, on the constitution of the confederation of the Rhine, he declared the empire dissolved, and drew back into his hereditary states. The Prussian, after having added first one territory and then another to the Mark of Brandenburg, till his possessions extend from the Vistula to the west bank of the Rhine and from the Maine to the Baltic, is ambitious of incorporating all Germany into his dominions. An incessant sleepless war, of

posts and observation is waged by diplomacy between these two powers; each is determined either to obtain the ascendant in united Germany, or to clutch the largest share of it in the event of a partition.

At present the game has rather the appearance of going against Austria. Her finances are in a state of utter dilapidation. Her miscellaneous populations impart a non-German character to her policy. She has in Germany none but half-hearted and distrustful allies, except the ultra devotees of the Jesuit party in the Church of Rome. The princes of South Germany would throw themselves into the scale of Austria, but only as a counterpoise to Prussia, not to give Austria any real power over them. The protectionists of South Germany dread almost alike the semi-free-trade propensities of Prussia and the protective system of Austria, which would expose them to Italian and Slavonic competition. The constitutionalists of South Germany hate and fear Austria. In the north of Germany, the Kings of Saxony and Hanover retain, it may be, a hankering after an Austrian alliance; but in all other quarters Austria is detested.

Prussia has many advantages. In the first place, the government and its policy are essentially German. Next, Prussia with a large army and tolerable financial condition, surrounds, as it were, the territories of all the secondary and minor sovereigns of North Germany. She has been fighting (after a fashion) the battles of the people of Schleswig-Holstein; by an armed intervention she has put down revolt in Baden and Würtemberg, and established pecuniary claims against the governments of these countries; she has garrisoned the free town of Hamburg. Except in Bavaria and the Austrian-German dominions, Prussia possesses a large amount of real power. This power, though based principally on the military strength of Prussia, is increased by the position of that government as possessing most territory and wealth of all the members of the Zollverein. The princes involved in her toils struggle in vain against her preponderating influence. There is in every one of their states a party of moderate constitutionalists, disposed to side with Prussia, as not thoroughly and inveterately hostile to constitutional government, and as sufficiently strong to maintain an efficient executive amid the contests of popular assemblies and democratic agitation.

The counteracting influences which impair the power and prospects of Prussia are derived principally from the personal character of the present king and the councillors to whom he listens. With more of a mystical, imaginative disposition, he has much in common with James the First of England. He is a despot in principle and disposition, without the persistent energy required in a despot. Then he is bewildered by fantastical dreams of being in his kingly capacity a special vicegerent of the Almighty upon earth, and bound to uphold what he believes to be divine laws against all popular opposition. He imagines that

he stands in some such relation to the divine authority on the one hand and his people on the other as the governor of an English colony does to the crown and the colonists. To much instinctive benevolence and love of approbation, and an ambition of being thought energetic and consistent in action, Frederick William adds much of that mischievous sophistry which enables mystics to suit their professions to circumstances, and palliate to themselves and others the grossest violations of promises. The king, cursed with this unhappy moral constitution, has gathered around him a circle of congenial spirits, who confirm him in his extravagant views and conduct. Hence, the wretched policy of the Prussian government; ever rash and ever vacillating, and so shameless in its tergiversations that "*Punica fides*" is an inadequate phrase to express its falsehood.

The strength of the Prussian government is derived from the social condition of Prussia and Germany: its weakness from the personal character of those who are now at the head of affairs. Were the king a man whom the moderate constitutionalists, the moderate free-traders, and the liberal religionists, could trust, he might rally around him a Prussian and German party, strong enough to insure the establishment of a central government for Germany, (with the exception, perhaps, of the Austrian dominions and Bavaria,) more united and more powerful than Germany has ever enjoyed. The most intelligent merchants and politicians of the secondary and minor states,* feel that the interests of their respective countries demand a more centralized and powerful government than existed either under the empire or the confederation. The imaginations and sentiments of the scholar class—a numerous class in Germany—harmonize with the practical views of these men of the world. The educated classes in Germany are in the main predisposed to second the ambitious views of the Prussian government, as the most likely means of obtaining German unity. The sovereigns of Baden and Württemberg are debtors to the Prussian government; the Prussian government holds military possession of Hamburg; fear of his subjects holds the King of Hanover in subjection to the Prussian government; the princes of both the Hesses and of Oldenburg expect personal advantages from a plan for arranging the Schleswig-Holstein controversy proposed by Prussia; the minor dukedoms must follow, and are in many instances disposed to follow, the lead of their betters. Saxony and her king alone are uncertain; the king is disposed to court the Austrian alliance; the national pride of Saxony, which since the seven years' war has seen her importance diminishing and that of Prussia increasing, revolts against the idea of being entirely absorbed into Prussia.

* By "secondary states," are meant such as Bavaria, Württemberg, Saxony, Hanover, &c.; which really are states. By "minor states," the petty Principalities and Free Towns, from Nassau and the Saxon Dukedoms down to Kniphausen, with its territory of rather less than sixteen square miles, and its contingent of twenty-nine men to the army of the confederation.

All these circumstances are in favor of the Prussian scheme of assembling a parliament, in which the greater part of Germany shall be represented, at Erfurt. If such a body can be brought together, and if the Prussian government can be brought to act along with it in harmony and good faith, the Austrian half of the shadowy interim commission at Frankfort will not be able to offer much resistance to it. But the silly mysticism of the King of Prussia inspires such general distrust, that the possibility of bringing a decent show of German representatives to Erfurt is still extremely problematical.

From the Examiner, 12 Jan.

THE MESSAGE OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

THE message of a whig president of the United States to a Congress in which a democratic majority has shown itself in the house of representatives, is necessarily very moderate in tone and ambiguous in language. It affronts no difficulty, and would exasperate no party. The new president is feeling his way; and on the great democratic questions which agitate the Union, General Taylor seems to propose to himself to play the part of arbiter rather than of partisan.

That portion of the message to which we first look is necessarily the paragraphs that regard England. In a political point of view, nothing can be more satisfactory. There is not the most remote allusion to annexation, to the superiority of republican constitutions, or to the determination of the Washington cabinet to exercise sole and first influence in the New World. The only cause of difference, that of the proposed canal across the Isthmus, is alluded to in terms which show that the communications of Sir Henry Bulwer had already removed any possible contention. And yet even these expressions of the message are adroitly worded. They profess a determination to support Nicaraguan rights, without giving it to be understood what these rights are. Nicaragua is perfect mistress of the proposed line throughout the greater part of its course. But whatever rights the republics of central America might claim upon the eastern outlet of the proposed passage, belong now most unquestionably not to Nicaragua, but to Costa Rica, another of the four republics. And the name of Costa Rica is not mentioned in the message.

But whatever reason we may have, in political respects, to be satisfied, and highly satisfied, with the tone of the new president's message, its indications of commercial policy excite different sentiments. Even in that sentence where the president announces the abolition of the Navigation Laws, the message takes, we should think, needless care to add, that the abrogation is complete *unless* some order in council should be issued which militates against it. This looks as if some obstruction was expected. We have heard, indeed, though we cannot believe, that the Washington government had contemplated to include the intercourse with California in the coasting

trade. It is to be hoped that such surmises are not correct.

General Taylor and his government, however, come forward openly as the partisans of prohibitive duties, not merely for revenue, but protection. The changing the *ad valorem* into specific duties, and the levying duty by weight, must evidently, if protective on coarse manufactures, be prohibitive on fine. Such a system may have the democratic excuse of being exclusively a tax on luxuries and on the rich, but such sumptuary laws will soon create a system of smuggling that must demoralize the poor. General Taylor might, indeed, have kept his theory to himself. The fact of a deficit, incurred by the Mexican war, is excuse enough to warrant an elevation of the tariff; and we fear that one of the laws of a federal republic must ever be, that the expenses of the general government must be levied in the shape of customs. We shall find this the case, we fear, in Germany as well as in America; and we must admit it to be one argument for sustaining monarchy against federative republicanism.

The American president, in his message, omits the part of Hamlet; he says not one word of slavery. Perhaps he saw no need of calling attention to what was in every one's thoughts. Indeed, California has spoken, and so emphatically and reasonably, that it leaves the abolitionists merely the trouble of silently supporting its resolve. The Californians have decreed that they will have no slaves upon their soil. This is one of the good results of the "diggings." There the white man labors, and is not ashamed to labor; the crop is worthy of the workman; and the Californian adventurer has no idea of a great slave horde being driven down upon him, and niggers set to sweep and wash the course of the Sacramento for the profit of a master. It would be at once loss, rivalry, and disgrace to the Californian. This is the first time that the selfish and pure love of lucre has been found an effective antagonist to slavery, or the love of lucre in another form; and if the gold veins of California had produced no other result, they would deserve honorable mention for this. They it is that have set up the first barrier to the epidemic of the New World. Could the Southern Americans have been allowed to work the gold mines of the Mexican regions with slaves, the amount of misery and oppression, as well as the extension of slavery, would have been immense; and were the gold of California found in mines, it is probable that the Californian emigrant would have preferred slaves to carry on the work. But as long as the ore is picked up on the open river, or washed from the *detritus* on its banks, so long they will prefer to work as freemen, and to declare their soil shall only be trodden by such. These circumstances form quite a novel element in American prospects and politics, and will awaken fresh strife in Congress. Some even go the length of prognosticating a rupture with the Union. But we do not see how the Southerners are to benefit by recourse to arms.

California is too far for them to subject. And Texas ought surely to satisfy their slave-extending ambition. Parliamentary strife, however, there will be, wordy and fierce; and the more fierce, as the contest must soon be brought to a close.

The Union is greatly fortunate to possess at this epoch a president universally respected, as well known for his firmness as his moderation, and better fitted, perhaps, than any other American, to hold the post of umpire and executive chief throughout such a crisis.

From the Spectator, 12 Jan.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR's first message to the Congress, is an interesting document; far less diffuse than its predecessors of recent times, moderate, practical, and yet more truly elevated in tone than those same enormities. The whig semi-protectionist was expected to advocate an alteration of the tariff in a sense adverse to the freest importation of goods, and he does advocate the change from *ad-valorem* to higher specific duties; but he puts foremost the necessity of raising the revenue to meet the cost of recent wars, and protection sinks to the place of a secondary incident. In this respect, General Taylor is more moderate, perhaps more politic, than his own high-protectionist secretary. The president holds forth the most friendly aspect towards England; passes over the recent dispute with France in a tone of good-humored disregard, inviting that republic to send its representative; and gives other signs of a desire to maintain peace, not by the threat of prepared war, but by fostering cordial relations. The conqueror of Mexico holds out the hand of hearty fellowship to that state; a magnanimity the more unusual, since Mexico was the injured party. In fine, the message is an earnest of General Taylor's professed aspiration to restore in the councils of the model republic the spirit of Washington.

From the Journal des Debats of January 12.

THE message of the President of the United States is, on this occasion, remarkable for the calm and conciliatory tone which pervades it throughout. Only a single expression has found a place in it which might afford a subject for regret to the friends of peace; it is the sort of threat insinuated with regard to Portugal. Leaving aside this passage, from which we, however, conceive that no collision can ensue, nothing appears in the document which does not recall to mind that pacific, and, at the same time dignified, course which characterized the messages of Washington himself. It is most gratifying to behold a man who has derived his title to admiration from a conquest to which others have forced his country, and who owes his elevation to his victories, so moderate in his views. Precedents were not wanting for his assuming an overbearing tone even towards the greatest powers. Every one knows the provoking language more than once employed by Gen. Jackson, and which the last president, Mr. Polk, did not hesitate to adopt towards Great Britain, on the subject of

Oregon. General Taylor—as may be seen without his declaring it—is convinced that wars, from the stimulus which they give to the spirit of dominion, from the division of interests to which new conquests necessarily give birth, through the opinions and jealousies of different states, must endanger the public liberties and shake the foundations of the Union. May these wise and good sentiments pass from the mind of the president to those of the leaders in Congress!

Under any other president we should probably have seen embittered the quarrel which has broken out between Mr. Chatfield, the Consul General of Great Britain in Central America, and the United States agent, Mr. Squier, about a little island, which seems to be of some importance with regard to the proposed canal for uniting the two oceans through Nicaragua. This dispute was, moreover, connected with another, of a much more serious nature, as the canal itself was the subject. Certain citizens of the United States had obtained a concession for making this canal. The local agents of Great Britain, and at their instigation the sovereign of the Mosquito Indians, who appears with good reason to be merely a tool of British policy, opposed the execution of that enterprise. At other times the message on such a subject would have been an explosion of warlike patriotism. General Taylor, however, treats the question like a man of sense and business. He endeavors to come to an understanding with the British government, which will no doubt on its part exhibit equal readiness to compromise. The canal for the junction of the two oceans should be, according to General Taylor's views, a neutral passage, with its neutrality guaranteed by all the powers which might expect to avail themselves of it. Such a solution of the question could not fail to satisfy all parties.

This system of neutrality of the communications to be established across the isthmus (for no doubt several will in time be effected, as the isthmus is not less than five hundred leagues in length) is recommended by the president with regard to the railroad from Chagres to Panama, now in progress of construction by a company. This will be the first convenient line of transportation between the Atlantic and the Pacific formed since the days of Pizarro. The distance across will be about seventy-five kilometres, and may be passed over by a locomotive in an hour. The plan for a sincere understanding with all the great powers, which General Taylor, to his honor, makes the basis of his foreign policy, will receive, by the adoption of the neutrality of the passages across the isthmus, a sanction calculated to arrest the attention of European statesmen.

There is reason to believe that the excellent spirit of this message, with regard to foreign policy, will moderate the feelings of the people of the frontier states, who have encouraged and excited ideas of annexation among the inhabitants of Canada; and for still stronger reasons should the desires of the Canadian annexationists be calmed. They cannot conceal from themselves that, so long

as Gen. Taylor's presidency lasts, they cannot rely upon support, direct or indirect, from the authorities of the United States. The readiness and energy which he has displayed in putting down the expedition which had been prepared in the Southern ports for the invasion of the island of Cuba, is a proof that, in case of need, General Taylor adds example to precept and deeds to words.—*Nat. Intel.*

From the N. Y. Evening Post, 1 March.

SWITZERLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

It is a question worth discussing, even in the midst of the angry controversies which now agitate the country, whether the intelligence lately received from Europe concerning Switzerland imposes no duty on our own government. There seems to be no doubt that the governments of Austria and Prussia have required the expulsion of a large number of political fugitives from Switzerland, fifteen hundred it is said, and that if this be refused, Switzerland is to be invaded and reduced to submission by the Austrian and Prussian armies. That France will not even protest, that she will stand by and encourage this atrocity seems to be certain.

From the earliest period of her history, Switzerland has been the refuge of exiles from all countries, the resort of all whom political or religious persecution had driven from their homes. In the days of the Protestant reformation she sheltered Calvin and Beza; she gave an asylum to the learned men whom the intolerance of Henry VII. would not endure in England. At a later period, in our own day, when the Jesuits were expelled from France, they found a safe retreat and an honorable welcome in the valleys of the Catholic canton of Wallis. Those whose lives were menaced by the excesses of the French revolution, royalists and republicans, fled to Switzerland as an asylum. In Switzerland those who have made themselves odious to the absolute government of Germany, whether by the freedom of their writings or by acts offensive to the reigning powers, have always found a refuge and dwelt unmolested. In Switzerland the Polish refugees claimed and were allowed hospitality. In the religious thanksgiving festivals of some of the cantons public thanks are given to Almighty God that in their country the political exile is safe.

Hitherto, the governments of the old world seem to have been content that this should be so, and willing to give over the pursuit when they had hunted their quarry into Switzerland. While these tyrannies were in their full vigor, there was something like magnanimity in their behavior to this little republic of the mountains, and towards the fugitives who sought safety within it. They might well afford this magnanimity, for from Switzerland they feared nothing; her poor and industrious population, content with their own liberty, did not seek to disturb the existing order of things in the countries around them; nor had she much for them to covet, since she had no sea-ports, no navigable streams, no riches of soil, no opulent cities. Her mountains, her poverty, her inoffensiveness, the hereditary bravery of her population, which had been tried in many a bloody struggle for her liberties, were her protection.

The despotisms of Europe have now grown old and insecure, and are haunted by the fears which belong to feebleness and decay. The cowardice

of guilty minds is always cruel. They are now determined to hunt their victims among the fastnesses of the Alps, where they have hitherto never been molested, and to leave them no resting place on the continent of Europe. If Switzerland refuses to deliver them up, her cities are to be occupied by Austrian troops, and her valleys ravaged, and the old tyranny of Gessler revived. The absolutists are encouraged by their success in Hungary and in Rome, and by the virtual coöperation of France. No man who is their enemy can hereafter be allowed to draw the breath of life in any part of Europe to which their arms can penetrate. If they dared, they would demand of Great Britain the surrender of the political exiles who have sought refuge on her shores, and if she refused, would strike at her amidst her ships.

It seems to us that here is an occasion for our government to raise its voice in favor of humanity, in favor of the inviolability of national hospitality, in favor of a sister republic, now in danger of being made virtually a province of one of the German monarchies. It is not our policy to mingle in the wars of the old world, but it is clearly our policy to rebuke a proceeding, the principle of which denies the right of one nation to shelter the political fugitives from another. If Switzerland is to be invaded because she gives an asylum to those who are hunted out of Germany, our own country is only safe because the despots cannot attack us with any hope of success. We should protest, therefore, against this course of Austria and Russia, not only from the more generous motive of humanity, but for the reason that if Switzerland is so far in the wrong that she is to be taught her duty at the cannon's mouth, our own country, the asylum of so many state criminals from the old world, deserves the same treatment in a tenfold degree.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—The *London Illustrated News*, in its article on the signs and prospects of the new year, compares England and the United States in this manner:

An empire, twenty, thirty, fifty times as extensive, and as rich as ours, has already arisen on the other side of the Atlantic to entice into its bosom the best blood which remains to us. The young, the hardy, the persevering of our country, and of all countries of Europe that groan under a weight of debt and difficulty, and of a surplus of population, and that cannot say, as the New World does, that every man is a man, welcome for the sake of his manhood to the great feast of nature, where there is enough and to spare for the meanest, are daily invited to leave the shores of effete Europe and settle in America. *The growth of the United States is, in fact, the downfall of Great Britain.* All the unhappy circumstances that are of prejudice to us, are of benefit to them. With us, the mouths that clamor to be fed are causes of decay. With them every additional mouth is an additional pair of hands, and every additional pair of hands is an increase of power, wealth and influence. Let us pour our millions into the great valley of the Mississippi, and it will hold and feed them all, were the numbers quadrupled. While in this old country the pauper vegetates and dies, in that new country he no longer vegetates, but lives and counts by thousands his flocks—a Job in the land of plenty.

Let those who dream of a perpetual Britain think of these things. The signs of decay are around us on every side. Events are more power-

ful than we are. We must, sooner or later, yield our place to the more prudent, the less embarrassed, and the more vigorous off-shoots of our race, and consent to occupy the easy chair of our senility. Nor is there anything to regret in this. The civilization that is removed is not destroyed; and the genius of our people can exert itself as well on the borders of the Ohio as on the banks of the Thames, and rule the world with as much propriety from the White House, as from the palace of St. James. Europe has enjoyed power, and has abused it, and the sceptre of the world's dominion is passing from her grasp. Civilization, as of old, is following the course of the sun, and the doctrines of humanity will work themselves out in a new field and on a larger scale.

["Never say, die," dear brother! But let us set to work to solve the problem how Israel and Judah may be reunited. Does not the federal government of these United States offer something as a foundation upon which wise master-builders may, by much prayer and self-denial, and through God's blessing, erect a glorious temple of liberty and brotherly love, such as earth has never seen?"

Liv. Age.]

SALE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.—The sale of the original MS. of the Farewell Address of Gen. Washington to the people of the United States took place last evening, at the Philadelphia Exchange. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the handwriting, and the history of the document is clear. It has been bound up in a neat volume, and contains with it a statement by Mr. Claypoole of the manner in which he became possessed of it. It was stated by Mr. Thomas, the auctioneer, that Mr. D. C. Claypoole left no lineal heirs, and his collateral descendants are scattered over the country; the estate is also involved, and there was no other course for the administrator than to sell the MS., which was appraised as personal property. The document was then put up for sale, and started with a bid of five hundred dollars. It ran up to twenty-three hundred dollars, where it lingered for a period, and was then knocked down to the Rev. Dr. Henry D. Boardman, pastor of the 12th Presbyterian Church in this city. It was announced that he purchased it "for a gentleman living at a distance." Whether he was an American or not was not stated.*

Afterwards, the original portrait of Washington, by Jas. Peale, painted for Mr. Claypoole in 1778, was also put up, and bought by Dr. Boardman, for the same gentleman on whose account the MS. was purchased.

A volume of the "Daily Advertiser," containing the Address, was also sold for \$12. These all belonged to the Claypoole estate.

A MS. letter of Washington to General Mifflin, dated 4th April, 1784, was also put up for sale, on account of whom it might concern. It was a mere letter of introduction, requesting the usual civilities by Gen. Mifflin to Count de Lavalatte Montmorency, brother of the Duc de Montmorency, who was travelling through the United States. It brought \$20, and was purchased by a gentleman named Bickley.

The attendance was large, and much curiosity was manifested as to the price the various relics would bring.—*Ledger.*

* It has since been stated that the purchaser was Mr. Lennox of New York. We are relieved by hearing this of a fear that it had gone out of the country.—*Liv. Age.*

[Every time we see this, it is with a desire to copy it. We have passed it several times for fear of an outcry about some disputed doctrine; but it has so much that everybody will think good, that we now commit it to the judgment of our readers. It is "from a London work."
—LIV. AGE.]

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

COME hither, little Christian,
And hearken unto me:
I'll teach thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

When a Christian child awaketh,
He should think of God in heaven:
And softly say, "I thank thee, Lord,
For the sleep which thou hast given."

He must say, when he ariseth,
"From evil and from harm
Defend thy little child, O Lord,
With thine everlasting arm."

The water that he useth
Must remind him of the day
When baptismal waters cleansed him,
And washed his sins away.

And, in low tone and earnest,
He must say, "This day renew,
O loving Lord, the saving grace
Of my baptismal dew."

Then, dressing very quietly,
The Christian child should say,
"With thy spotless robe of righteousness
Lord, clothe my soul, I pray."

He reverently kneeleth
To pray beside his bed—
With closed eyes and humble voice,
His holy prayers are said.

And, as he thus approacheth
The God of heaven above,
He looketh down, and smileth on
This little child in love.

He goeth to his chamber,
To his work, or to his play,
But the prayers that he hath prayed,
He must keep in mind all day.

He hath asked to be obedient,
And so he must fulfil
His parents' bidding cheerfully,
With a glad mind and will.

In all his daily duties
He diligent must be;
And say, "Whate'er I do, O Lord,
I do it unto thee."

When the little Christian playeth,
He must use no angry word;
For his little fellow-Christians
Are members of the Lord.

If a playmate take his playthings,
He must not rudely try
To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
Or meekly pass them by.

He hath asked to be made holy,
So he must strive all day

To yield his will to others' will
His way to others' way.

No greedy thoughts dishonor
The Christian child at meals;
He eateth what God giveth him,
And ever thankful feels.

Whene'er the Cross he seeth,
On chancel, church, or tower—
In human form, in beast, or bird,
In insect, tree, or flower—

To his crucified Redeemer
He must turn his thoughts, and say,
"May the Cross upon my forehead shine
With living light alway!"

When no human eye can see him,
He knoweth God is nigh,
And that darkness cannot cover him
From his all-seeing eye.

When in a fault he falleth,
He must not hide the stain—
Repentance and confession
Must yield their healing pain:

He must kneel then in his chamber,
Confess what he hath done,
And ask to be forgiven
For the sake of God's dear Son.

Again, when evening cometh,
The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
To him throughout the day.

Then, his soul to God committing,
He quietly may sleep;
God, and his holy angel hosts
Will watch around him keep.

God bless thee, little Christian!
Be holy, humble, mild,
Obedient, truthful, diligent,
A truly Christian child.

God bless thee, little Christian!
And bid thou God bless me!
I've taught thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

From the Episcopal Recorder

Out of the depths.—PSALM CXXX. 1.

PURE pearls lie deep. It is not they who swim
On the smooth bosom of the upper wave,
That learn what hidden things dwell down in
ocean's cave.

The nautilus, all brightly that doth skim
The calm, bright billow, diveth not below;
And so it is with us. To life's gay crowd
Our truer self we cannot, dare not show;
They see the surface, and they deem us proud,
Or cold, perhaps insensate. Boots it aught
If these pierce not the soul's incognito!
For, did they all its inner hist'ry know,
They would but count us fools. Far better taught
Are they, who hide the depths within their own,
And the full heart unveil to "God's own heart" alone.
Feb. 1848. A. W. M.

From Burckhardt's "Legends of Many Nations."

SEPPi, THE GOATHERD.

A FAIRY TALE OF SWITZERLAND.

THE mezzereon and the mountain lilies bloomed upon the hills and the wall-wort on the edge of the forest, or among the hedges which enclosed fields and gardens; and the Senners, that is, the cowherds and the goatherds, of the Puster-valley prepared for departure with their flocks to the beautiful pasture among the Alps. For miles, even before the droves of cattle came in sight, could the bells of the herds and the merry lowing of the cows be heard, for Peter Saibel, the big sennner, alone, drove more than one hundred cows to the Alps. Slowly, and with solemn mien, he headed the procession. In his hand he carried the long staff, and his hat and shoes were adorned with loops and rosettes of many-colored ribbons.

Close behind him, and, as it were, imitating him in grandeur and pride, followed the beauty of the herd, the queen cow, the victress of the cow fights which frequently take place in the Alps. As a diadem she wore an immense wreath of mountain flowers, and her large bell was suspended from her neck by an embroidered collar. Behind her came the other cows, all adorned with variegated ribbons, with wreaths, bouquets and merry bells; following these, came the keeper of the young cattle, with the calves and oxen; and lastly came Seppi, the goatherd, with his numberless flock of goats, a handsome and good boy of about fourteen years, with long blonde curls, a tall, well-formed figure, and so kind an expression of face that every child in the valley was fond of him.

No one, at all the farm-houses which the imposing procession passed, paid much attention to the vain and stylish sennner, who proudly strutted in front of his herd; but young and old had a smile and a friendly nod for Seppi, who looked extremely well in his red vest and clear white shirt collar, and even the boys said to each other: "Just look, what a fine fellow our Seppi is! he will be the smartest man in the valley when he once gets along in the world, and earns money to dress himself better. But just look at the sennner; he looks like St. Stephen in a cabbage garden!" and all laughed and agreed with the speaker.

When the droves had reached the plains among the Alps, and the cattle quietly sought pasture, the herds divided, and Seppi with his goats came near a pretty large pond. The goatherd was tired of his long walks and stretched himself among the high grass by the water's edge, and, although the sun still stood very high, it was cool by the water's side, and a gentle air rippled the waves, and the blue sky reflected its image back on the surface of the clear water. Seppi always was happy at heart, though he was the poorest lad in the whole Puster-valley, but to-day he was especially happy, because spring had returned upon the beautiful green Alps, and our boy could again take his herds to pasture upon the rich blooming meadows. And for this reason he sang one merry song after the other, for the world and all around him delighted him.

Suddenly, as he lay quietly in the high grass, he saw a light fog arise on the top of the waters, and the fog became thicker and thicker every moment. He closely watched this phenomenon, and observed a most lovely figure gradually emerging from the fog as from a close veil. She wore a wreath of water lilies around her long black hair, a golden crown rested upon that, and in the midst of the crown sparkled a large diamond. She was more

beautiful than the picture of the Madonna in the forest chapel, which was the most beautiful thing Seppi had ever seen.

"I wonder if that is like a fairy!" Seppi thought to himself, and had a great inclination to run away. But the beautiful lady beckoned him, and said, "Sing that beautiful song again, my boy, for that has called me hither, and I will richly reward you for it."

"Well," said Seppi to himself, as he lost all fear, "she speaks so kind and so friendly, and I think she is too beautiful to do me any harm, as stupid people say that mermaids are apt to do." And he sung his song again and again, until the fairy signified that she was obliged to him and had heard enough.

"I will now give you a cup full of gold sand; with that you can buy land, hire people, and have as big a herd as your sennner," she said. "Or perhaps you have another wish, which you want me to fulfil?"

"If you are a water fairy," replied Seppi, confidently, "I would rather that you showed me your sub-marine dominions; it must be very cool and beautiful beneath the blue waters."

"Give me your hand, then," said the fairy, who guided him across the waters, and Seppi found to his astonishment that his feet remained perfectly dry; in the middle of the pond she stopped and touched the surface of the water with a small wand of whalebone; and the waves opened, and a large staircase appeared, the steps of which were of pure crystal; the fairy conducted Seppi down the stairs, who wondered whether down below there he would find such beautiful green mats, and such handsome flowers as above, where the bright sun shone; and gladly would he have jumped down three or four steps at a time, in order to be quickly there. But this was not so easily done, for he seemed to have walked more than an hour already, and still the stairs appeared to have no end. But every moment the fairy seemed to him more beautiful; he loved her more and more, and it appeared as if all that shone around him only came from her eyes, which were as blue as the horizon he loved to look upon. Her hand was as white as snow, and her nails looked like painted rose-leaves; her small foot scarcely touched the ground, and lay like a lily in its sandal. Seppi could not cease looking at her, and he felt, of a sudden, as if it would be the greatest misfortune that could happen to him, if he were compelled again to separate from her; for in all the world, as far as he had seen it, he had never seen anything as beautiful as the water fairy, and he required no other gift from her than the permission to remain near her as long as he should live. And this he told her in all confidence, and even before they had reached her domains; but though she listened to those words with a kindly smile, and gently smoothed his golden hair, she made no reply.

Then Seppi took courage and said: "Did you not promise me, in payment for my song, to fulfil my dearest wish? Now there will never be anything so dear to me as yourself, and therefore you must go with me to the beautiful green Alps, and always remain there with me."

"I dare not live by the light, or among men," answered the fairy sadly; "and cannot therefore grant you that wish, as much as I might desire to do so. But come first down to my dwelling, and you will find many other things worthy of your wish."

"If you dare not return to the light with me, no

one shall prevent me from staying down below here with you. And that you may see that I am in earnest in my request, just have the stairs destroyed as soon as we are down; for, without you, I do not wish to return to the world."

"Only once every hundred years, and then only for one day, I may rise above the surface of the waters," said the fairy, "and no one but myself can conduct you back to your home. Therefore consider well what you desire; for I either lead you up this day before the sun goes down, or you must remain a hundred years here in the depths of the water. And if I even conduct you back, if afterwards you should change your mind, I should lose my life, as many of my sisters have done before me. When the first ray of the sun touches me before the century is past, I shall undergo a fearful transformation, which the greatest magician in the world cannot release me from. Therefore, I pray you, abandon your wish, which you may easily rue afterwards."

But Seppi only became more anxious and excited by this reply, and swore, by all he held holy and dear, that he would remain with her as long as he lived. Then suddenly a high portal opened before him, which led to a large saloon, where many elves were playing. A chandelier with more than a hundred branches was suspended from the ceiling, and burned blue, red, green, white, and yellow flames; these made the saloon look as bright as if the sun shone into it, and spread a delicious odor all around. Here, little lake elves were dancing; yonder, small fairies were seated around a little table, eating diminutive sea-snails, which were most deliciously prepared. Another set were amusing themselves by playing at feather-ball with a ball no bigger than a pea, and adorned with the most beautiful plumes of the humming-bird. Seppi would gladly have joined this play, but wherever he stepped, he drove the little people away, for he might have buried ten of them beneath his foot. And then his figure cast such a large shadow that the company always sat in the dark when he approached within a few steps of them, and they begged the fairy to protect them from that fearful giant, of whose thundering voice they were so much afraid.

Now Seppi was very much annoyed that he could not play and gambol with the silly little folks, and that he should appear such a fright to them. The fairy, who observed that he was annoyed, conducted him to a sofa in the corner, and by a wink commanded her servants to bring all sorts of refreshments to her guest. And in large crystal bowls they brought sweet watermelons and all sorts of beautifully prepared fishes and crabs; in short, everything they had handy—and Seppi did full justice to the excellent fare, for he had eaten nothing all day. His master, moreover, was a very close and stingy man, and did not give his servants enough to eat. But although Seppi was very hungry, and had never enjoyed so splendid a table before, yet there was something wanting which even the fairy could not provide for him. There was no bread beneath the water; and although all the viands were excellent, they did not taste right to Seppi, since he had not the "staff of life," to which he had always been used.

"Now you see," said the beautiful fairy, sadly, "that you will miss many things below here, to which you were accustomed in the world above, and which, with all my power, I cannot provide for you. Why, why, would you stay here with me,

when you like it so well among mankind, and in your pure Alpine air?"

But Seppi consoled her, and said that he would willingly miss all terrestrial enjoyments, to be allowed to remain with her, and even now he would again leave his home to follow her, if she were to bring him back to the upper world. Then her face beamed with joy and happiness. She now showed the boy her beautiful garden. There, on high espaliers, grew rare flowers, of wonderful color, and fruits so large and beautiful, as Seppi had never seen them before. He asked the fairy whether she would permit him to pluck some of these beautiful things, and she replied that everything in her whole kingdom was his as well as her own. Then Seppi wanted to pull a beautiful rose, which hung heavy upon the stem, but when he took it into his hand, he found that it was only a work of art, cut from a red jewel, and that the green leaves were made of chrysoprase. It was the same case with the fruits; the great plums which invited Seppi, were made of sapphire, and the apples of rubies, the pears of agate and emerald; in short, all were made of jewels: but though they were beautiful and looked inviting, Seppi could not eat them. Then a shade of discontent passed over his face, for there he had seen happy children at play, and could not join them, or share their joys. He found the rarest fruits, but could not eat them; and, with the exception of the fairy, no one understood his language, or would reply to him. True she was always near him, as Seppi had desired, and studied constantly to make him happy; but she could not succeed in it; nay, Seppi even began to be afraid of the wonderful things he saw everywhere around him, and the mysterious power of the fairy filled him with awe.

"I pray you," he said one day to her, "conduct me from the artificial garden, and from the splendid saloon, to some green meadow, where plain simple grass is growing, such as my goats eat; there I will again sing all my songs to you, all those songs you love so well."

Then the fairy sighed, for her kingdom consisted only of the great magic garden, and the beautiful saloon, and she could easily perceive that these two places did not suit her favorite. For not once since had he sung so happily as at the time when he sat last by the side of the lake; and when he now, at the request of the fairy, sang one of his old melodies, it had no longer the happy, merry sound as of yore, for Seppi's heart was no more happy; on the contrary, he was sad and languishing. And yet now he was so much better off than at the time when he was but a poor goatherd, and had to starve in the employ of the avaricious sinner. What then ailed him?—As he had wished, he was always daily and hourly by the beautiful fairy, who nursed and cherished him like a child. He dined every day off five courses, and from golden dishes; slept on a soft, luxurious bed, and beneath a silken cover. And here, in the realms of fairy land, reigned an everlasting spring, and it never became night; but the flowers and fruits were only artificial, and the light was not that of the sun, but of thousands of lamps which hung upon the ceiling of the saloon, and against the crystal walls, and burned always. In the world above, no one had cared for poor Seppi, who had no parents or relatives, and his goats, at the utmost, used at times to lick his hands with their small lips. Now, the beautiful fairy kissed his forehead, played with his locks, and brought him new and

beautiful presents every day. And with all this Seppi became more sorrowful, day after day, and his merry eyes looked dim and sad; he would have almost given his life to pass another hour by the pond, where the fairy had met him, and he was constantly thinking of the clear bright sun, the blue ether, and the high grass, that grew so merrily upon earth, and so fast that he used to see, each morning, the progress it had made during the night. In the fairy's empire everything was beautiful beyond description, but he never could feel at home; he wanted so many things that he had been used to in the world above—his brown bread, the berries he used to pluck in the forest, even his goats, which were wont to come at his call.

"I really wish," he said to himself, "the fairy would leave me alone for a moment. I would, just for fun, see whether I could find the crystal stairs by which I came down here. Only for curiosity—I would not ascend—for I am very well here, and the fairy is so kind to me, and loves me so much."

And just as if the fairy could read his thoughts, she said, on the following morning, "Seppi, I must leave you for a few hours! Try and pass your time as best you can. When I come back I expect to give you a joyful surprise." It was her intention to swim as nearly as possible to the surface of the water, and see whether no child approached its neighborhood; then she would coax it to the edge of the lake, and quickly draw it down with her, so that her dear Seppi might have a human being near him to cheer him up again.

Whilst she was thus waiting and hiding herself beneath the water lilies and large leaves that floated upon the pond, so that no rays of the sun could reach her, Seppi was walking about, torn by restlessness and discontent. He wanted to know whether that staircase was still standing, and secretly, like an evil conscience, he stole from the saloon. And behold, he found the crystal steps, which he had descended with the fairy about a month ago, as he thought, and his heart beat with joy.

"Why did not the good fairy have these stairs torn down, as I begged of her? then these tempting thoughts would not have entered my head. But I will ascend a little way, to see whether I cannot discover the blue sky through the water," he said, as he ascended higher and higher.

But had not the fairy told him that he could not leave the place alone,—that she must herself conduct him back to the light? True, but perhaps she only meant to frighten him from the attempt: he could not easily convince himself; he wanted to see whether he really could not emerge into the open air, and then he would quietly return to his place, and the fairy should never know anything of this attempt. No, he would never endanger the life of this beautiful and kind friend, as little as he would leave her; for he knew how much she loved him; and that she would weep her clear blue eyes blind if he were to desert her.

But as he thought so, he had already gained the last steps; and now all his good intentions suddenly were forgotten, he would and must again behold the beautiful green earth and the blue sky—and with all his strength he pressed against the crystal ceiling, through which he had entered with the fairy as through a door.

The fairy, who, as I have above related, was watching close behind, for a child, now suddenly perceived her faithless favorite; she saw his danger;

he would immediately die, if he had left her domains (whither he had gone of his own free will) alone: she saw that the door began to move, by the heavy pushes of Seppi, and forgot her own safety, in her anxiety to save him. Quick as lightning she flew to his side, took him by the hand, and she herself opened the portal, so that Seppi in an instant was above the waters.

Greedily he breathed the fresh mountain air that wafted across the Alps—but alas!—a broad ray of the sun fell like melted gold through the portal upon the poor fairy, and with a dying voice she sighed aloud. Frightened, Seppi looked around towards her, and he saw how the folds of the green veil she wore turned into green leaves, her feet and golden sandals changed into yellow roots, and her tall beautiful figure appeared as a reed shrub above the water. And then the waves took Seppi, and carried him playfully to the shore; he rubbed his eyes, stretched out his arms towards the reed, which a few moments before had stood by his side, but which now raised its head in the middle of the pond, and reached its thin, trembling arms languishingly towards the shore. A soft wail and a sigh passed through the reeds, and cut, like a bitter reproach, through poor Seppi's soul. He covered his face with his hands, and ran away, so as not to see the sad reed shrub any more. Thus he finally reached the sinner's cottage, which belonged to his master, Peter Saibel. There he found an old man, of whom he inquired for the sinner.

"I am the sinner," replied the other.

"But what has become of Peter Saibel?" asked Seppi in astonishment.

"Why, youngster, you must have been drinking," replied the old man; "the Saibel owned this sinner's hut long before me, and has been dead these eighty years. My father used to tell me the story about him, and about a young lad, and that both of them had disappeared on the very same day, and that it was just on the day when the cattle were driven out for the first time in spring—Peter's body was found by some of the mountaineers; but he had always been a loose character, and stayed, perhaps, too late at the tavern; then he probably crossed a Harach (frozen snow-drift between the mountains) and was lost. But the young lad, the goatherd, never was heard of again."

At first Seppi thought that the old man was crazy, but a young maiden came in, who seemed to assert all that her father had said. Eighty years then had passed, and this long time had seemed to him, whilst in the fairy's dominions, scarcely as many days. If he only had had a little more patience, a century would have been passed, and the beautiful fairy might have brought him back to the Alps without losing her life in the attempt!

And now all joy for him was at an end, for he could indeed no longer look upon the clear blue sky, with a pure heart and a clear conscience; for had he not become stained with guilt—did not the death of the beautiful fairy rest upon his mind? He no longer found joy in contemplating the mountains, and the valleys, or in the bright sunshine; all the day long he lay by the side of the lake, and listened to the sad sighing of the reeds. Nay, he even once passed a night there, in order that he might be as near as possible to the fairy. He then dreamed that he saw her again floating upon the water, as he had first beheld her, wrapped in a thin green veil of fog, and that she again, in all her beauty and loveliness, offered him her hand to

conduct him down to her submarine palace. And he hastily arose to walk towards her, but no kind hand now held him above the water; he sank—and the cool waves closed over him. For a moment the mirror of the lake trembled and shook, and then it again became quiet and calm as before.

Seppi never again rose from the waters; and to this day a soft sighing and murmuring is heard through the reeds that grow in solitary lakes and ponds; and that is the endless sorrow of the poor transformed fairy, for her lost favorite.

From Morris and Willis' Home Journal.

OLD WHITEY AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

WE were standing at the corner of President Square, in Washington, the other day—literally brought to a stand-still by the heavenly beauty of the weather—when a loose horse trotted leisurely by us in the open street, and we found ourself expanding towards him, in sympathetic recognition of the similarity of our respective happiness. "There are two of us out of harness, to-day," we mentally said—"God bless you, old brother worky, and may you enjoy, as I do, this delicious sunshine and its heavenly nothings to do!" On he trotted towards the president's gate, and, halting a little before the entrance, he seemed hesitating between perfect liberty to go in or stay out—when it suddenly occurred to us that our fellow-idler might not be, after all, the "private individual" for whom we had fancied our sympathy to be rather a condescension than otherwise! What if it should be "Old Whitey," reposing on his laurels!

A moment's look, up and down the pavé in front of the president's mansion, corroborated the conjecture. There were, perhaps, twenty persons in sight, and, among them, we recognized one of the cabinet secretaries, a venerable auditor, the Austrian Chargé, and two of those unanxious and yet responsible-looking persons whom you know to be "members," and not office-seekers—and—(curious to see)—all eyes were fixed, not upon the distinguished foreigner, not on the honorable officials, not on the honorable members, not on an unharnessed and loose editor of the Home Journal—but on the unharnessed and loose white horse!

We felt the smoke of Buena Vista and Resaca de la Palma, of Palo Alto and Monterey, pushing us toward the old cannon-proof charger. He went smelling about the edges of the sidewalk—wondering, probably, at such warm weather and no grass—and we crossed over to have a nearer look at him, with a feeling that the glory was not all taken from his back with the saddle and holsters. "Old Whitey" is a compact, hardy, well proportioned animal, less of a battle-steed, in appearance, than of the style usually defined by the phrase "family-horse," slightly knock-kneed, and with a tail (I afterwards learned) very much thinned by the numerous applications for a "hair of him for memory." He had evidently been long untouched with a curry-comb, and (like other celebrities, for want of an occasional rubbing down) there was a little too much of *himself* in his exterior—the name of "Old Whitey," indeed, hardly describing with fidelity a coat so matted and yellow. But, remembering the beatings of the great heart he had borne upon his back—the anxieties, the energies, the defiances of danger, the iron impulses to duty, the thrills of chivalric triumphs, and the sad turnings of the rein to see brothers in arms laid in the graves

of the battle-field—remembering all that has been thought and felt in the saddle which that horse was wont to wear—it was impossible to look upon him without a throb in the throat—one of those unbidden and unreasoning tear-throbs, that seem to delight in paying tribute, out of time and unexacted, to trifles that have been belongings of glory. We saw General Taylor himself, for the first time, the next day—with more thought and reverence, of course, than had been awakened by looking upon his horse—but with not half the emotion.

The "hero-president" has been more truthfully described than any man we ever read much of before seeing. One who had not learned how extremes touch, in manners—the most courtly polish and the most absolute simplicity—might be surprised, only, with that complete putting of every one in his presence at ease, which is looked upon in England as the result of high breeding; and which General Taylor's manners effect, without the slightest thought given to the matter, apparently, and with the fullest preservation of dignity. "Rough and Ready"—in this way—an English duke would be, as well; and, by the way, his *readiness* is of a simplicity and genuineness which it is wonderful indeed to find so high on the ladder of preferment! There were but six or eight persons in the room, when the party we accompanied were presented to the president; and the conversation, for the ten minutes we were there, was entirely unstudied, and between himself and the ladies only. But we should have been anywhere struck with the instant directness, obviousness, and *prompt and close-hitting immediateness*, with which he invariably replied to what was said. Let it be ever so mere a trifle, the return thought was from the next link of association. Most great men, diplomatists and politicians particularly, go "about the bush" a little, for a reply to a remark, omitting the more obvious and simpler answer it might suggest, for the sake, perhaps, of an appearance of seeing more scope in the bearing of the matter. But Taylor—(we thought we could make certain, even from these few brief moments of observation)—has no dread of your seeing his mind exactly as it works; and has no care whatever, except to think and speak truthfully what comes first, regardless of any policy, or management of its impression on the listener. The key of his voice, at the same time, is that of thorough frankness, good-humor and unconsciousness of observation, while his smile is easy and habitual. The grace with which these out-of-door characteristics accompany a mouth of such indomitable resolution and an eye of such searching and inevitable keenness, explains, perhaps, the secret of the affection that is so well known to have been mingled with the confiding devotion felt for him throughout the army. It is impossible to look upon the old hero, we should say, without loving and believing in him.

REPORT OF CHOLERA IN BOSTON.

In view of the approach of summer the authorities of our large cities are beginning to bestir themselves for the prevention, if possible, of another visit from the cholera. We have received the "Report of the Committee of Internal Health on the Asiatic Cholera, together with a Report of the City Physician on the Cholera Hospital." It is very full and minute, and creditable to the intelligence, industry and fidelity of those by whom it

was prepared. Wood cuts are given, together with a chart, showing the topography of the infected districts and representations of the filthy alleys where the disease established its headquarters.

Thus we have capital daguerreotype views of "Half-moon place" in the rear of Broad street, of tenements in Burgess alley and Stillman street, and of a house in the rear of 136 Hanover street. A glimpse is afforded us, too, of a "subterranean bedroom in Bread street." There is a reality in these sketches, which conveys an idea of squalid misery unequalled by anything in the fancy etchings of Cruikshanks and Brown. The description of the cellars in Bread street is unparalleled by the minute accounts which we find, in "Jack Sheppard" and "Oliver Twist," of the dwellings of the poor, the vicious, and the outcast. Many of the inhabited cellars in this vicinity are inundated by the back water of the drains during high tides; and being entirely below the level of the sidewalks, they are necessarily, therefore, almost entirely without light or ventilation.

One cellar was reported by the police, during the last summer, to be occupied nightly, as a sleeping apartment, by thirty-nine persons! In another, the tide had risen so high that it was necessary to approach the bedside of the patient by means of a plank, which was laid from one stool to another; while the dead body of an infant was actually floating about the room in its coffin.

The houses in which the epidemic prevailed most were in Broad, Wharf, Wells, Bread, Oliver, Hamilton, Atkinson, Curve, Brighton, Cove, and Ann streets, and were occupied by the Irish. In these houses, several families were sometimes found occupying the same room. Of course, in such a state of things, there can be no cleanliness, privacy, or proper ventilation, and little comfort; and, with the ignorance, carelessness, and generally loose and dirty habits which prevail among the occupants, the necessary evils are greatly increased both in amount and intensity. The Committee on Internal Health report that

In Broad street and all the surrounding neighborhood, including Fort Hill and the adjacent streets, the situation of the Irish, in these respects, is particularly wretched. During their visits the last summer, your committee were witnesses of scenes too painful to be forgotten, and yet too disgusting to be related here. It is sufficient to say, that this whole district is a perfect hive of human beings, without comforts and mostly without common necessities; in many cases, huddled together like brutes, without regard to sex, or age, or sense of decency; grown men and women sleeping together in the same apartment, and sometimes wife and husband, brothers and sisters, in the same bed. Under such circumstances, self-respect, forethought, all high and noble virtues soon die out, and sullen indifference and despair, or disorder, intemperance and utter degradation, reign supreme.

The committee close their report with recommendations that owners should be compelled by

law to construct dwelling houses under the direction of the board of health; that every landlord should be required to fit his building properly to the purposes for which it is to be used, in respect to light, air, and necessary conveniences; that some provision of law should be made, by which the number of tenants should be apportioned to its size and general arrangements; and that the occupation of under-ground cellars as dwelling-houses should be prevented.

All these measures are proper and necessary to the sanitary welfare of the city. It is well known that the landlords who let or under-let these immense hives swarming with occupants, derive from them a revenue wholly disproportionate to the value of the buildings, and if the public health is to suffer in consequence, we do not see why appropriate restrictions should not be adopted.

We are much indebted to Dr. Henry G. Clark, City Physician, for an early copy of his interesting report, accompanying that of the Committee of Internal Health. His associates, Doctors Buckingham, Dalton, and Williams, have contributed much to its completeness; for which he makes the proper acknowledgments. The drawings by Billings are truly said to be "most faithful representations of the scenes they are intended to exhibit"

—Transcript.

The following lines, by Miss Catherine Ponsonby, a blind lady, are from a volume of poems just issued from the Edinburgh press.

Hail! holy Light! in memory dwells

A vision of thine image bright;

Of past and perished bliss it tells,

When heaven poured radiance on my sight:

The beauty of that vanished scene

My darkened eyes can never see;

A dream of brightness that has been

Is all that now remains to me!

Though darkness shrouds me, gentle beams

Of mercy cheer my clouded view;

The love of Jesus sweetly seems

To pierce the shadow's deepest hue.

Can orbs imprisoned e'er control

Heaven's holy effluence of light,

Poured in its richness on the soul,

To beam—and bless my spirit's sight?

Nor loved familiar face, or form,

Nor glowing tints in beauty's guise,

Nor ocean in its calm or storm,

Nor splendors of the starry skies;

Not one illuminating spark

Of living brightness can I see;

But Jesus shines where all is dark—

His glory is a sun to me!

And when I leave this troubled scene,

His blessed and benignant love,

Bright 'mid the gloom my soul has seen,

Shall beam in cloudless bliss above.

Mine eyes shall then behold his face,

No night—no darkness then shall be;

The glories of his love and grace,

In light shall be revealed to me.

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E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

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